

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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TO OUR READERS AND ADVERTISERS.

In our last we alluded to the rapid and extraordinary increase in our circulation. From the first of the year there has been a large and steady increase in the demand for our

Illustrated Newspaper.

The general revival in business has given an impulse to all first-class journals, and ours has shared in a large degree the healthy influence

of commercial prosperity so that our largely increased circulation must not be attributed to the passing but thrilling events of the day, which cause a sudden and extraordinary demand, which ceases with the cause which called it forth. On the contrary, our increased and increasing circulation is steady and ever progressing, and is the legitimate result of unwavering energy, persistent enterprise in the right direction, unsurpassed excellence in our artistic and literary departments, and the public appreciation of our unwearied and successful efforts to make our paper the model Illustrated Newspaper of the world.

Could we present to the whole community for examination the six volumes of our Illustrated Newspaper, we should not need to say a word in reference to what we have done, for our superb illustrated history of the times would speak for us and our labors; but in default of this power, we may be permitted to say that in the past three years that every event of the least public importance will be found illustrated both by the pen and the pencil in our columns.

Our volumes form a complete book of reference for all classes of inquirers, and each year will add to their value as an important and faithful record of the leading events of the age, having this incalculable advantage over every other chronicle or history published, that all the prominent events of the age are not only written but are pictorially recorded.

Our paper contains one-third more illustrations than any other paper, and in point of accuracy, fidelity in detail, spirit and artistic excellence, are admitted by the press of the country, and all other competent judges, to be altogether unapproached.

That the great public is awakening to the social and public importance of our Illustrated Newspaper as a delightful and amusing family paper, and an invaluable historical record, we have unmistakable proof in our increasing subscription list and the augmented orders from agents in all parts of the country. We can only say that we shall persevere in a course which has so firmly established us in the favor and the affections

of the people, and use additional efforts to retain the hold thus gained.

The trial of Mr. Sickles for the shooting of Philip Barton Key will commence on Monday, April 4th. We shall continue our

Illustrated History of the Washington Tragedy, with many important and remarkable drawings taken from life.

Already the orders for numbers containing this matter are pouring in, and we believe that the edition will exceed any that we have yet issued.

FATAL LEAP.

ONE of the most appalling accidents it has ever been our lot to narrate, occurred on the 20th Feb., which resulted in the immediate death of the Rev. Thomas P. Calhoun, a Minister of the Presbyterian faith, and the serious injury of his estimable wife.

The high estimation in which the reverend gentleman was held has caused the greatest sorrow, and is another instance that in the midst of life we are in death.

It appears that, tempted by the beauty of the day, Mr. Calhoun, who was devotedly attached to his wife, invited her to take a ride in a sleigh, to which she cheerfully consented. Full of pleasant anticipation they started in a sleigh drawn by a beautiful and valuable horse, but as Pope says,

"Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate"

While they were passing over a bridge at St. Cloud, near Minnesota, the horse grew restive, and despite the utmost exertions of Mr. Calhoun, became perfectly unmanageable. He was just in the act of begging his wife to remain perfectly still, when, with one tremendous bound, the horse sprang over the bridge, dragging with it the sleigh and its unfortunate occupants. Down into the yawning chasm they fell upon the hard frozen surface beneath, smashing the sleigh into fragments, and killing the horse. But more terrible than fall, Mr. Calhoun was also killed on the spot. Mrs. Calhoun, although fearfully injured, escaped with her life. This frightful accident rapidly attracted a crowd to the spot, and the suffering and insensible lady, with the dead body of her



THE FATAL LEAP OF A HORSE OVER A BRIDGE AT ST. CLOUD, MINN., WITH A SLEIGH CONTAINING REV. MR. CALHOUN AND WIFE.

husband, were borne to the home they had left only one short hour since, full of life and happiness.

THE BROWN STONE HOUSE.

By Everett McV. Budd.

There are pictures rare on its lofty walls,
And halo'd with radiant light,
The beautiful dreams of the artist's soul
Stand shrined in the marble white.

The cold snow drifts in the street without,
But within there is summer bloom;
And from delicate blossoms the floating air
Is freighted with rich perfume.

O'er carpets that vie with the rainbow's hues,
The footsteps echelons pass,
And the curtains' gorgeous purple folds
Sweep down o'er the crystal glass.

Bright wing'd songsters from spiny isles,
Afar o'er the distant sea,
Are caroling songs which greet the morn
When each airy pinion was free.

From gilded mirrors a thousand rays
Gleam back like the stars of night,
On bud and blossom and pictures rare,
And the marble's stainless white.

Who sits in the brown stone house to-night,
Mid melody, pictures and flowers?
Who sits with a heart whose weary throbs
Are counting the desolate hours?

A lone wife, with hueless cheek,
Whose brow, like the unstained snow,
Is but mock'd, as it presses the cushioned couch,
By the velvet's crimson glow.

Jewels are clasped on the rounded arm,
They gleam on the delicate hand,
And the shining hair with its threads of gold
Floats down from a jeweled band.

And where is he whose altar-breadth'd vow
Was music to that young bride—
Whose pledge was given to cherish for aye
The gentle girl at his side!

Afar from her in the giddy throng,
He revels this winter night,
He carols aloud the Bacchante song,
And quaffs from the wine cup bright.

Oh, better were poverty's humblest roof,
From the gay world far apart,
Than that brown stone house with its gorgeous rooms,
And the woe of a breaking heart!

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

A Philadelphia Physician drives off with a Turnip Wagon.—Yesterday morning a countryman, who had brought to the city a wagon load of turnips, stopped on Fourth street for the purpose of making some purchases, and hitched his horse to the buggy of a physician, whose office is near the corner of Walnut street. Shortly after, the doctor came out, jumped into his buggy and drove off, taking with him the countryman's horse, wagon and turnips, at a brisk trot, in the direction of Broadway. Long time the turnip-seller looked for his team, not knowing that through his mistake a city physician had taken his place, and become, unwittingly, to all appearance, a vegetable-vendor.

Alleged Attempt at Seduction.—On Tuesday, a girl, giving her name as Margaret Lemon, complained at the Mayor's office, that she had been cheated out of \$120 by one Lucius R. Wood, claiming to be an M. D. Wood, she said, had come to attend a sick boy at a place where she resided in New Jersey, and though he lost his patient by death, he had almost secured herself by his ingratiating manner. They were engaged to be married, and for that purpose came on to this city, when she gave him at his request, \$120 to get a watch and other articles. He took her to Patten's Hotel in Greenwich street, and registered her and himself as man and wife, but Miss Lemon was knowing enough to thwart him on that arrangement, so he excused himself for a few days, saying that he was going to Boston on urgent business, and since has not been seen. The Mayor told her that he was unable to aid her, but sent her to a police magistrate.

A Frightful Scene might have been witnessed on the roof of a three story house on Water street, Wheeling. A young man was standing upon the comb of the roof repairing a chimney, when, the shingles being wet and slippery, he lost his foothold and slid slowly down, feet foremost, towards the eaves. The two or three persons who witnessed the accident turned away sick with terror. Although the man made every effort to gain a hold which the fear of certain death would naturally prompt, he moved slowly down, and was only checked from falling to the pavement below by a water spout, against which his feet came in contact. But for this frail obstruction he must have been dashed into a shapeless mass. Without uttering a cry for help, the young man kicked off his shoes and proceeded to ascend, which he succeeded in doing, and went to work at his chimney again, apparently taking little account of an accident which had made the eye-witnesses heart-sick and dumb with terror.

A Young Woman Spits a Visitor's Head with an Axe.—It has been stated that a young man named Sparks was murdered in Newcastle, Bute county, Va., on the 14th inst., by a woman named Polly Tucker. A correspondent of the Salem Register says:

"Young Sparks, who was partially intoxicated, went to the house of a Miss Polly Tucker, and knocked at the door, desiring admittance, which was refused. He then went to a window and raised the sash, and put his head through, and in a good-humored way, threatened to enter the house in that way. Miss Tucker, it seems, had an axe in her hand, and threatened to strike him with it. He laughingly told her to strike away, which she did with fatal effect, striking him with the roll of the axe immediately on the top of the head, inflicting a mortal wound. He lived about six hours, and died apparently without much pain. He did not speak after the blow was given. It was one of the most deliberate and cold-blooded murders ever perpetrated. The murderer has since asserted that she had the axe ready for two weeks, for that purpose, and that she committed the murder coolly and deliberately. It has created intense excitement in this community. He was the only child of his mother, who is utterly prostrated, in consequence of the murder of her son, and it is believed she cannot long survive the awful deed."

Rather Drunk.—On Monday evening, up Broadway, a party of four boys were bearing a shunter on which was the apparently lifeless body of a youth about seventeen. This party came out of No. 817, and entered No. 811. Subsequently the waiters with the large tray emerged from 811 and returned to 817, from which they bore away what was evidently another corpse, to 811. It was ascertained that in the afternoon, two boys had been at a saloon, and getting thoroughly intoxicated, and unable to walk, came to the sensible conclusion that they would get into a stage and proceed to their club-rooms, No. 811. The stage driver dumped them out at the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway. They were then conveyed to 817, there they had their heads iced, and other desperate efforts made to restore vitality. At length, after having been hauled about an empty room and pretty well bumped over the floor, with a view to resuscitation, they were removed to their own club-room at No. 811, on the shuttered stairs. The youths both belong to highly respectable families.

A New Gleeve.—A little girl in Cincinnati, one day last week, was playing "hide and seek" with a companion, hid in an old trunk, the lid of which fastened with a clasp. She screamed for help till exhausted, when an alarm was raised at her long absence, and a search was made. She was found almost dead from the exhaustion of the air. The little sufferer would probably have not lived many minutes longer.

An Incarcerated Cow.—The Vincennes Gazette says that the sheriff of that county lost his cow a few weeks ago, and could discover no traces of her anywhere after the most diligent search. Last Saturday her half putrid remains were found in the jury room of the court-house, where the poor beast had somehow looked in. She had starved to death, after eating up all the papers of the late John Ewing which happened to be in the room. The court-house must be well cared for when a cow could get into the jury-room and live and die there without anybody knowing it.

Death of a Bridegroom.—A young man named Myron Reed, a resident of Onondaga county, was engaged to a Miss Louisa Brown of the same town and the celebration of their nuptials was to have occurred on Monday the 14th inst. On Saturday, while paying a visit to his betrothed, Mr. Reed took up a letter and proceeded to peruse it. Thinking he was occupied a long time in its perusal, the young lady spoke to him, but he did not answer; she went nearer and spoke louder, but when she came nearer to him discovered he was a corpse. Reed was buried on Monday—the very day fixed for his marriage. He was arrayed in his wedding costume for burial, and his bride followed him to the tomb in her bridal attire.

A Clergyman Arrested while Preaching a Funeral Sermon.—As the Rev. William Watson, the pastor of the Methodist Church in Glenwood, Iowa, was preaching a funeral sermon, he was arrested by officers from an adjoining county for passing counterfeit money. The people in attendance at the funeral were so incensed at the officers that they thrust them from the house, and they concluded to retire until the obsequies were concluded. The clergyman did not accompany the procession to the grave, and the officers arrested him. They had previously searched his house, in the cellar of which they found ink, presses, papers, rolling machines, and the entire apparatus for the manufacture of counterfeit bank bills. They also found \$1,000 in counterfeit bills, \$800 of which were on the Forest City Bank, Cleveland, and about \$200 in fives on the State Bank of Ohio. The clergyman made a clean breast of the matter. He became connected with some counterfeiters about two years ago, and, as he had been early in life an engraver, he became a useful and hard-working member of the gang. He has preached in Glenwood at out three years. He is about forty years old, a man of family, and has been very generally esteemed and respected by his congregation and neighbors. He said he joined the counterfeiters to get money "to do good with." This explanation was not very satisfactory to the parishioners, however, and they discarded him at once. He must have been a nice minister. An examination of his "study" showed that he was a regular subscriber to the *Life in Boston*, *Venus's Miscellany* and other flash papers, and the shelves of his bookcase were adorned with the yellow-covered lives of numerous celebrated highwaymen, forgers, &c. He was taken before a Justice of the Peace, and in default of heavy bail was committed to the county jail, to await trial before the Court of Common Pleas. The incident created quite a sensation in the little town.

Boston Streets.—The Boston correspondent of the New York Times has the following theory on the above subject: "I have, in a former letter, alluded to an anecdote popular here, that the tortuousness of the streets in Boston is owing to their having been built upon cow-paths. *En passant*, allow me to remark that I have found another, and, as I think, a more probable theory. You remember Mr. Richard Swiveller and the straits (or rather crooks) that gentlemen was put to in perambulating the streets of London; how certain localities were interdicted to him, owing to pecuniary liabilities contracted towards tailors and other ferocious creditors residing therein; how, at last, having stopped up his solitary remaining short cut with a pair of boots, he was obliged to walk three miles round in order to get to Charing Cross. Well, I believe that Boston was built by a colony of Swivellers. The facilities for avoiding everything and everybody are perfectly marvellous. It is a city of cut-offs; a Castle of Otranto without a roof—immense secret ways and mysterious passages intersect it in all directions. It is quite possible to travel Boston from end to end without once going through a street. It would be a paradise for gentlemen in difficulties."

A Heroine.—A Watertown journal gives the following particulars of the heroic conduct of the jailor's wife of that place: Early on Sunday morning, four prisoners named Wilson, Eddy, Missle and Ward, by feigning the sickness of one of their number, got the jailor at this place in their power, gagged and bound him, and locked him in a cell. This done they robbed him of his money and the keys of the prison, and were calmly taking their leave when they were "brought up all standing" by beholding the jailor's wife pointing at them through a railing a loaded revolver, and calmly informing them that she would put a bullet through the first one who attempted to come forward. A conversation something like this followed: Prisoner—"The devil you will! You don't know how to shoot it." Mrs. Baker—"Try it and see, if you like. I have been practising with this pistol for the past few days, and I promise you I will kill the first man that comes forward."

Prisoner—"Well, if that's your game we'll be quits with you. Now take your choice, young woman, either let us pass out in peace or submit to have your husband's brains knocked out against the walls of the jail. Which do you like best? Perhaps that won't be gay, nor nothing, just to see him laying out there cold and stiff, with his brains lying around. Ha! ha! d— pretty picture, ain't it? D— pretty wife you are, ain't ye, to get your husband killed? Come, now, what d'ye say? Let us out and it'll be all right—won't ye?" (And here the speaker moved forward a step.)

Mrs. Baker—"The first man that steps over that sill dies."

And there that brave woman held those men at bay for something like half an hour, until help came, and they were driven into their cells.

A Young Woman Publicly Whipped.—A Gentle resident of Frogtown a short time ago went over to Provo after a young woman, who, it seems, had taken a fancy to him, and who wished to leave Provo and come and live in Frogtown with her Gentile admirer. But a mob collected around the house where she and her lover were, and he was advised that he would find it conducive to his health to leave immediately, which he did. The young woman was then taken out and publicly whipped!

A Large Arrival.—An Utah correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer states as a fact that Heber Kimball had fourteen children born to him in the month of November last, all doing well. Heber and Brigham have harems that cover each an acre of ground.

Scandal in the Roman Catholic Church.—The Rev. Alfred J. Dayman was suspended by Archbishop Hughes for a sermon which he preached in the Roman Catholic Church of St. John the Evangelist, and in which he quoted the saying of St. Chrysostom, "that hell is paved with the skulls of bad priests." He has written a lengthy letter, in conjunction with the Rev. F. E. Deschamps, to the archbishop, denouncing the conduct of that prelate in terms of unsparing severity. It seems that in the letter of suspension addressed to Mr. Dayman, the archbishop had the indelicacy to remind him that he arrived in New York "poorly supplied with documents of recommendation, with money and with clothing," and that he (the archbishop) allowed him to officiate in this diocese, not so much because he wanted a priest, but because Mr. Dayman, being a priest, wanted a home. In addition to suspension, the archbishop issued an interdict from the altar, prohibiting the faithful to receive the suspended priest into their houses or to give him alms. In their letter, the two priests deny the right of the archbishop to forbid hospitality to be shown them, the right to defame their character, the right to mock at their poverty. They reminded him of the obligation on bishops to be "given to hospitality," and say that the conduct of the archbishop is "a stumbling block to the faithful, a joy to the devil and a boast to their enemies." They also accuse him of the Anabaptist heresy, in telling the congregation that the children baptized by Father Dayman are to be rebaptized, and of other heresies; and say that his faith is that of "the devils, who believe and tremble, and of Voltaire, who was willing to accept all the articles of the Church, and a thousand other mysteries, if the sixth and seventh (seventh and eighth of the Protestant version) articles of the Decalogue were expunged." Finally, they express their determination to exercise their priestly functions in defiance of the archbishop.

Suicide of a Lady.—Last Friday week, a Miss Elizabeth Mahin, a worthy young lady, of respectable family, living with her widowed mother and four brothers and a sister, four miles from Albia, Moore county, Iowa, shot herself through the heart with a rifle, and died immediately. She was partially deranged in consequence of recent sickness.

A Canning Nigger, but No Go.—The Oxford (Miss.) Mercury tells the following story:

"Saturday night a man who appeared to be perfectly white, but who was really a negro, appeared at Mrs. Butler's hotel and applied for lodgings for himself and servant—a negro man very black. He represented himself a traveller going North, and, after eating supper with the regular guests, requested before retiring to be called up in time to leave on the six o'clock train next morning, which was accordingly done. The black darkey was placed in the negro car, while the white one quietly seated himself among the white folks in the passenger car. Shortly after the train was in motion, a negro train hand passed through the negro car, and recognized our black passenger seated therein as an old friend. 'Hello, Sam!' said the hand, 'where you going?' 'The white North. I belong to a gentleman in de oder car.' 'Don't believe you!' 'You run!' off, Sam. Sam finally denied this, but the other was still in doubt. He represented what had passed to the conductor, who particularly noticed the gentleman in the 'oder car,' and came to the conclusion that he was either an abolition emissary, or something else that was not right. When the train reached the junction he had them both arrested, and brought back on the return train and placed in the Holly Springs jail. The white darkey belongs to W. H. Steen, a planter of this county living near Water Valley; and the black one to John B. Steel, a planter, near Banner, in this county. They went up to Holly Springs on Tuesday and brought the runaway home. It was the intention of the white negro, by passing himself off as a white man, to conduct himself and the other negro to a free State, but his plans were frustrated as above stated."

Eatanswill Outdone.—A Southern journal lately favored its readers with the following bit of polished rhetoric, apropos of an offending contemporary:

"The ——— of last week contains another low-flung article from the 'lime-bag' of the pitroon editor who presides over the columns of the filthy sheet, aimed against us, which only shows still further the degradation and pusillanimity of a debased and grovelling mind, and rendering the craven-hearted whelp more contemptible than the debased of his species usually become."

The writer of the above delectable paragraph avows that the article aimed at him was "low-flung;" the conclusion that we must draw from this, then, is that the editor of the spiky "lime-bag" was above him.

Horrible Tragedy in St. Louis.—The country papers are full of violence. Jealousy seems to have become the monster curse of society. Under its influence the reason is entirely lost. At St. Louis, last week, a young man, James Hamilton, only twenty-four years old, in a fit of jealousy shot his wife, to whom he had been married only three months. He then put another pistol to his side and fell mortally wounded.

The difficulty seems to have originated with Hamilton's relatives, who were opposed to his marriage. A few days since his sister visited him in company with a young lady to whom he had formerly been attached, apparently with the intention of annoying his wife. Hamilton, however, received them very coolly, and at once made known to the young lady that her presence was not agreeable. Soon after he became excited and moody, and occasionally sarcastic and reproachful, and armed himself with a pair of pistols. His wife became frightened, and was entirely at a loss to account for his conduct.

Hamilton went in this way until Wednesday, when a lady residing in the house heard Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton engaged in a loud altercation. On entering the room she saw Mrs. Hamilton packing her trunk. She asked her visitor to go with her to the cathedral. The husband then said, "You want to go for a divorce, do you?" adding, "so that you can marry again." His wife did not reply. He then grasped her by the arm, and drew a pistol, which missed fire. Throwing it down he discharged another, which took effect in her arm and

passed thence into her side. She ran out, screaming "Save me! save me!" and fled by the rear into the next house northward, occupied by Mr. Norton. The desperate man followed, while Mrs. Green ran for aid. He was boldly and shamelessly confronted by Mrs. Norton, who informed him that he should do no shooting in her house, and who, despite his drawn pistol, summarily ejected him from the room and fastened him out! He then loudly swore he would kill himself, and was coolly advised by Mrs. N. to do it in the yard and not in the hall!

The report of a pistol was instantly heard. On opening the room door he was found prostrate and bleeding in the outer and rear doorway. Assistance having arrived, he was conveyed into an unoccupied room from Mrs. Green's residence and laid on a pallet of straw. A most horrible wound had been inflicted, for the wretch had discharged the entire contents of his third pistol in the upper abdominal region, near the navel. The intestines, spleen and liver were shockingly mangled. A pool of blood had flowed in the yard, and the crimson torrent was still flowing despite the bandages applied.

As has been before stated, the woman will probably recover, but Hamilton's situation is desperate. He was removed to the hospital, where he bitterly bewailed his folly, and begged to see his wife once more before he died.

Broadway Theatre.—Another of the old landmarks is about to disappear. The Broadway Theatre is to be transformed into a white marble store for the jobbing business of Moore & Co. The building will be five stories high, with double basement and sidewalk extensions. The theatre will be taken down in April, and the new store will be completed in a year. Worth street is also to be widened, and warehouses are to be erected up to the very heart of the Five Points. We are convinced a large fortune might be made by building a row of tenement houses for the accommodation of the class that inhabit that wretched part of the city. The first step in the elevation of the poor is to improve their dwellings.

Narrow Escape.—Three residents of Chippawa, C. W., came near going over the Falls. They were on this side making purchases, and started back in a sail boat. The wind at the time blew hard. When near the foot of Grass Island, the boat capsized. During this time they had been watched by a woman, who gave the alarm. Thomas Sullivan, who has had experience in navigating the river, happened to be near, and hastened to their assistance. The men, two of whom were then seated on the bottom of the boat, were fast drifting towards the rapids, which were but a few yards distant when Sullivan reached them. He succeeded in getting the two into his boat, when it seemed like a matter of life and death to the whole party to undertake the rescue of the other man, who was in the water clinging to the boat. Sullivan's boat was light and in danger of being overloaded; the river was very rough, and the rapids near. Sullivan, however, persevered, the man caught hold of his boat, and was thus towed to land. The man, who had been so long in the water, was thoroughly chilled and almost helpless. They were all properly cared for. Their boat, of course, went over the Falls. They owe the preservation of their lives to the courageous perseverance of Sullivan.

Painful Suicide.—America Rice, the daughter of a widow lady, committed suicide. For two years past she has been on terms of intimacy with a young man. She lived in her mother's family, and was there visited by her lover-husband. The lover, who in everything else is exemplary, had attempted to break off the intimacy, and had as often returned. At last some momentary difficulty occurred, and the young man wrote her a letter stating that he should not visit her again—that the separation this time must be final.

Immediately after receiving the note, she remarked to her mother that she would take a little walk. She immediately went to a drug store, and procured a quantity of strychnine. The clerk remarked that the contents were sufficient to kill three men, to which she replied, "I intend to take it myself."

Immediately upon reaching the street, she took about one half, and then hurried on to the house of a friend on the corner of Park and Third streets, and informed her of the act of self-destruction, placing the remaining portion of the poison in her hands. The unfortunate girl attempted to write a letter to her lover, but a single line was all that she was enabled to put on paper. Her sufferings were painful, and her screams, when the fatal drug took full effect, were heart-rending.

The deceased was said to be a girl of marked personal beauty and considerable accomplishments. Her first mis-step took place many years ago, resulting in her becoming a mother; but she was generally supposed after that to be leading a virtuous life.

We quote the above from the Cincinnati Gazette. Surely there must be some mistake in that which relates to the speech she is reported to have made to the apothecary, "I intend to take it myself." Otherwise, how can he excuse himself for not immediately giving an alarm and causing the poison to be taken from her?

The Monster Forgeries in Virginia.—The largest forgeries ever perpetrated in Virginia have recently been discovered, and the forger has been arrested in New York. It was conducted so ingeniously as to almost invest it with an air of science. The facts are briefly these: On the 9th July, a well dressed young man called at the Exchange office of Paul & Hinton, Petersburg, Va., and requested a cheque upon some Richmond bank. The bills being good the cheque was given. The cheque was then taken to the Exchange Bank and certified by the letter. The young man next went to Richmond and presented the cheque at the Exchange office of Endus, Sutton & Co., requesting city money for it, which was unhesitatingly given, the clerk being perfectly familiar with the signatures attached to it, and knowing them to be genuine. On the 11th he again called, and asked for current funds for \$500 in money similar to the last, and also for a cheque for \$1,000 for a \$1,000 bill on the bank of New Orleans. These requests were complied with. The man then called as he had done before on Endus, Sutton & Co., in Richmond, presented the cheque, received the money and departed. All the transactions to this moment had been genuine—now commenced the rogues.

A few days after the cheque had been cashed, the man called on Endus, Sutton & Co., and presented a cheque for \$1,000 purporting to have been signed by Paul & Hinton, and marked "good, A. S. Archer, teller." The clerk closely scanned the paper, but detecting nothing wrong, and besides that knowing the bearer of it from his former visits, promptly paid over the amount indicated, which was received by the man, who quickly left. Shortly afterwards the cheque was discovered to be a forgery. Search was made without delay for the guilty party, but he was nowhere to be found. He had an accomplice in Petersburg, and both stopped at the Bowlingbrook Hotel, where they had registered their names as J. B. Garle and William H. Thompson, but after information of the forgery had been circulated, they, of course, were among the missing. The facts in the case were circulated over the country, and word given to the police everywhere to look out for the forgers.

About a week since, officer McCord of the New York detective police, observed a man looking after some baggage in the New Jersey Railroad depot, and the officer suspected him, from his movements and various other circumstances of being the fugitive. He had trunks with him marked "A," which were left with the Adams Express Company, to be transferred to Boston. Captain Walling was notified of the matter, and he directed detective Elder to communicate with the police of Boston, which was accordingly done. Officers Jones and Heston of the police of that city, returned an answer to the effect that they had traced the supposed forger to an obscure hotel near to Blackstone Square, and promised to keep a watch over his movements, and prevent his escape until such time as might be necessary. Detective Elder then went on to Boston and took the suspected party into custody. He gave as his name Edward Argentine, but refused to give any information of his movements. Word was sent to Virginia of his arrest, and on Thursday he was brought before Judge Main, on a charge of being a fugitive from justice, but was discharged for want of evidence, no one appearing from Richmond. Detective Elder then brought him to New York, where he arrived on Friday evening, at which time a messenger from Virginia arrived with a requisition from Governor Wise. Argentine was identified as the forger, and will be taken to Richmond immediately.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Nova Scotia we have the European papers up to the 9th of March. The news appears on the face of it to be more pacific, but it is only a lull before a storm, since the pride of Austria and France are at stake. From

ENGLAND.

We learn that the Neapolitan Exiles have landed at Cork, having abandoned their intention of proceeding to the United States. It appears that when the Neapolitan frigate had left the American vessel which conveyed Count Perlo and his fellow-exiles, the latter rose, and taking the command of the vessel, compelled the first mate to steer for Cork. Their arrival had been welcomed in the warmest manner by the London Times, Post, News, and in short by all the British Press with an unanimity very unusual. It was confidently predicted that this outburst of British sympathy would strengthen the policy of Louis Napoleon, and precipitate the crisis, so much dreaded by Lord Derby and his ministry. The proceedings in Parliament were unimportant.

Mr. Kingslake moved the production of the further papers in the Charles of George's affair. He strongly denounced the conduct of the Government, as also did Lord John Russell and others. Ministerial members replied. The House adjourned before the debate terminated.

The London Times, in an editorial on the reform question, again argues in opposition to "manhood suffrage," on the ground of its unsatisfactory working in the United States. The leaders of the Old Whig party had held a meeting, at which they had resolved that Lord John Russell should propose certain amendments to the Reform Bill in respect to borough voters, and it was supposed that these resolutions would unite in their support the whole Liberal party.

Meetings in opposition to the Government measure were being held in all parts of England, and the excitement was increasing. There was a demonstration against the measure in Hyde Park, on Sunday, the 6th inst.

FRANCE.

Notwithstanding the marked effect on the funds of the *Moniteur's* pacific article, London journals sneer at it, and throw strong doubts on its sincerity. The Vienna papers also criticise it sceptically.

The *Constitutionnel* re-asserts that the French troops are evacuating Rome. M. Chasseloup Laubat succeeds Prince Napoleon in the Ministry of Algeria. The resignation is regarded as a peace offering. The Emperor refused to accept it until it had been tendered three or four times. His retirement was caused by a difference of opinion with the greater part of the Cabinet, on questions of internal and external policy. It was rumored that the Prince will be appointed Grand Admiral.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes an article signed by its political director, explaining the pacific article in the *Moniteur*, and saying it must not be regarded

as a retrograde movement caused by a crusade which an active propagandist had succeeded in raising against the Emperor in Germany.

AUSTRIA.

The *Moniteur's* pacific article produced a favorable impression on the Emperor. Count Buol and the leading statesmen believe peace will be maintained. Fears, however, were entertained of explosions in the Italian Duchies. Lord Cowley remained at Vienna.

NAPLES.

The health of the King was such that it was supposed he would never be able to rule again. The Queen conducts all State affairs, and is reported to have caused the King to sign a treaty offensive and defensive with Austria. It was reported that the Neapolitan Government offers to furnish the Pope four battalions of Swiss troops.

SPAIN.

Mr. Preston, the American Minister, has arrived at Madrid.

PRUSSIA.

The young Prince has been christened under the name of Frederick William Victor Albert.

The *Times'* city article of last evening says: The retirement of Prince Napoleon caused the funds to open at an eighth advance, although the retirement of that personage is announced to be but temporary, and that the Emperor cordially approves of his policy.

The text of the recent Austrian note to its representatives at the various German Courts is published. It points to the possibility of war with Prussia and France, and expresses the hope that all Germany will act in concert with Austria. The Austrian troops were not likely to be withdrawn from Rome till all the usual formalities had been gone through with.

The official Vienna *Gazette* declares that Austria will insist on the complete maintenance of its special treaties with the Italian States.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Theatres in Paris and London.—It seems the other day when we English folk used to raise our hands in wonder at what we conceived to be the extraordinary number of theatrical amusements provided for the entertainment of the inhabitants of Paris, and we raised our voices, too, about the matter, and condemned our neighbors for what we were pleased to call their frivolity as contrasted with our own solidity of character, and with a shake of the head we would exclaim, "Ah, that sort of thing would never do among us!" It happens, however, that now London has actually a larger number of theatres going than Paris. We must give particulars, or this statement would hardly obtain credence. The Parisian theatres are: Comédie Française, Opéra Comique, L'Odéon, L'italien, Théâtre Lyrique, Vaudeville, Variétés, Gymnase Dramatique, Théâtre du Palais Royal, Porte Saint Martin, Théâtre de la Gaîté, Cirque Impérial, Folies Dramatiques, Délassemens Comiques, Théâtre du Luxembourg, Folies, Nouvelles, Cirque Napoléon, Ambigu Comique—in all eighteen. The London theatres are: Covent Garden, Her Majesty's, Drury Lane, Princess's, Haymarket, Olympic, Adelphi, Lyceum, St. James's, Strand, Marylebone, Surrey, Grecian, Victoria, Standard, City of London, Britannia, Pavilion, Bower, Soho, Astley's, Alhambra, Eppingham, Queen's—in all twenty-four; giving a balance of six in favor of London.—*London Dispatch.*

Catching a Tartar.—Elizabeth Haswell, a fashionably dressed female, was charged with picking the pocket of Mrs. Fry, a lady residing in Berners-street. The prosecutrix said that on Saturday night she was looking in at a shop window in Blackman street, when she felt some one push rudely against her on the side where her pocket was, which at that time contained a portemonnaie and about 14s. in silver. Witness immediately put her hand down and caught a hand in her pocket, just pulling her portemonnaie out. She turned on one side, and found that it belonged to the prisoner, who begged her to let her go, as she had made a mistake. Witness, however, knew better, and held her, although a number of her companions surrounded her and pushed her about violently. After struggling several minutes, a constable came up and took her into custody. Had the officer not come up at the time she believed the prisoner must have been released, and she was nearly overpowered. Constable 59 M said he saw a mob collected round the shop window, and having forced his way through, he saw the prisoner struggling with the prosecutrix, who gave her into custody for picking her pocket.

Disadvantages of Crinoline.—There seems to be a dead set against the wearing of crinoline by the working classes in England. A gentleman who had engaged a housekeeper was summoned before a magistrate to give his reason why he broke his agreement.

Mr. Trail inquired whether the gentleman had given any reason for not writing to the references given as to their characters?

The applicant replied that the only reason given for their not being engaged was, that his (the applicant's) wife was wearing crinoline when they went after the situation. (Roars of laughter, in which his worship joined heartily.)

Mr. Trail said he considered that under these circumstances the gentleman had come to a very sensible conclusion, on beholding the applicant's wife dressed out in crinoline, but if it was thought he had any claim against the gentleman, the applicant must apply to the county court.

The applicant made a precipitate retreat, amid the derision of a crowded court, his wife, still dressed out in the prevailing fashion, waiting anxiously to hear the result of his application.

A Candid and Conscientious Witness.—At a recent petty sessions at Croston, a witness was called upon, and, on entering the box, he had a Testament presented to him, but he declined to take the oath. Being asked his reasons for refusing to be sworn, he naively replied, "I'll tell a lie w' any mon I England, but I'll not swear to it." The explanation was not deemed satisfactory, and he had to take the oath; it happened, however, he could add nothing to the information of the bench on the question.

FRANCE.

"Sweet Seventeen," A Romance.—There is yet romance in the Bois; stabs are still made in the region of the heart, purses are still emptied; but now for the last romance of the figure 17. A young Roman, accompanied by a rosy Parisienne, is observed daily in the Bois, riding behind a pair of iron gray horses. Nothing singular in this, certainly, but the panel of the calash displays an elaborate coat of arms, with the cipher 17 raised in gold on a blue ground. A crown is likewise discovered, for M. Carradine (such is the hero's name) is a Roman Count. Anything peculiar in that figure 17, think you? Listen. The father of the Count arrived in Rome at the age of 17, with 17 balocchi in his pocket. From a *garçon de café*, he rose to the position of porter, and then became a cicerone. With his earnings, amounting to 1700 crowns, he opened a small café. Selling it at a later period for 17,000, he built a hotel, which he kept for 17 years. He next became interested in the grain trade, made 17 voyages to the East, amassed a colossal fortune within a second period of 17 years, and finally retired to Odessa. Remarkable the happy influence of the figure 17 upon his destinies, he applied it to everything. All his business transactions, all his voyages commenced on the 17th of the month, he owned 17 vases, bought 17 chateaux. Strange to say he died at the age of 77, leaving 17 millions to his three children. His eldest son bought a Roman title for the sole purpose of displaying a coat of arms which should immortalize the famous number. In order to propitiate the presiding genius of his father, he married a young girl of 17 on the 17th of December last. He had long searched the Champs Elysées for a site where his hotel (in contemplation) could have the number 17. Perseverance has rewarded his efforts—he has found just such a spot in the Rue des Vignes—17 friends dine with him weekly, and he is determined that neither his wife nor himself shall outlive the 77 years of his father.

Proposed Marriage of Dumas, Jun., to the Nigger Emperor's Daughter.—Some four years ago Soulesque sent an Envoy to France, charged with a private mission, and armed with full powers. Shortly after the said minister's arrival, he caused himself to be presented to Alexander Dumas, senior, whose papa, as everybody knows or ought to know, was a magnificent general of a molasses color. Dumas senior is a shade lighter than was his parent, being of a saddle tint, and Dumas junior, son of Dumas senior, pretends to be almost white. So he is—in the dark.

The Haytian envoy, after diplomatically beating about the bush for a considerable time, finally came to business, and wound up by informing the astonished novelist that his (the envoy's) mission to France was for the purpose of demanding the hand in marriage of Dumas, junior, for her Imperial Highness, the Princess Olive, daughter of the Emperor of all the Haytians.

"The hand of Alexander!" cried father Dumas, thunderstruck. "Goodness gracious! Gracious goodness! The colored person must be insane! I say you must be too!"

He paused. The fact is, the author of *Monte Cristo* bears the enviable reputation of never having deliberately said a disagreeable word to anybody. So he simply added, by way of saying something, "It's impossible, sir! Utterly impossible!"

"Why?" demanded the envoy.

"Why? Because—hum!—because my son's origin is too obscure for him to dream of such an honor!" And papa Dumas thought this a triumphant piece of cunning.

"Nothing of the sort, sir! And after all," continued the envoy, with engaging modesty, "what are we? Only parvenus. I myself once peddled oysters! You wouldn't imagine it, I know, but it's a fact. Besides, sir, if we were to demand a prince we should be refused, or at all events, be fobbed off with an old and ugly one. A lit-tary prince—that's the ticket! He may write as many books and plays down there as he chooses."

Papa Dumas, terribly embarrassed, scratched his ear, and at last said: "Listen to me. I know Alexander tolerably well. He is continually growling about my ignorance of business; and as for taking a wife upon my recommendation, he would laugh at the bare idea. Suppose we ask Thompson to break the subject to him?"

The envoy was satisfied with this plan, and Thompson was forthwith desired to repeat the proposition to Dumas junior. Dumas junior swore that Thompson must be crazy, and ordered the servant to go for a doctor.

"Nonsense!" interposed Thompson, "I am perfectly sane, it is you who are crazy, to refuse such a splendid opportunity. Think of a fortune of several millions!"

"Bah!" retorted Dumas junior. "Too risky! If the old darkey should happen to be dethroned, I would be obliged to support the whole family."

"Not at all," replied the sagacious Thompson. "You risk nothing whatever. In case of the little accident you mention, you could take the whole concern over to the United States, and sell 'em!"

ITALY.

Signs of War.—A letter from Genoa, of the 24th ultimo, informs us that preparations are being made on a large scale for the defence both of Genoa and the Gulf of Spezia. The works at Spezia are to be strengthened and barracks erected. The defences of Genoa are to be increased by the addition of a higher battery, which will command the entrance to the port. A great number of deserters arrive daily at Genoa, coming from the frontier. They are almost all from the Duchies, and are immediately sent to Turin. The deserters from Lombardy and Venetia arrive from the other side, and are more numerous.

Papal Government.—The *Morning Post* has been giving a few suggestive facts of the bad government of these States. On the 12th February, as a Mr. and Mrs. Robertson were travelling from Rome, they had just left the suburbs of Viterbo, and had reached a lonely spot, when five brigands rushed out of the wood and stopped the carriage. They were proceeding to drag the lady out when she upbraid them with so much spirit, that they desisted from their purpose and allowed her to retain her seat. As she had taken the precaution of sitting upon her jewel case, the robbers missed the booty, and as she also carried the money, this likewise was saved. They were overhauling the baggage when they were startled by Mrs. Robertson announcing to them the approach of a party of gendarmes. Upon this alarming intelligence, they fled, leaving the party to pursue their journey to Rome, which they reached the same evening. The fact is, the Pope's Government is a most frightful one, and deserves all the condemnation Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston have bestowed upon it.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Army.—The Austrian land forces consist of four armies. The second army had hitherto been stationed in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, from which a corps was occasionally detached for service in another dominion of the crown. At present, the third army corps, which belongs to the first army, has notoriously been sent to the confines of Italy. Nothing is known of further reinforcements. In case of need, the entire first army could be spared for service in Italy, where the fields of battle are circumscribed as in space. In the battles that were fought during the former French wars in Sardinia, Lombardy and Venetia, no side—French, Russian or Austrian—was ever able to bring into the field, at one time and point, more than 60,000, or, at most, 80,000 men. The contending armies were generally less. It was the same in the war of 1848 and 1849 between Austria and Piedmont. There is at the present day no open plain in Italy for a great national battle like that of Leipzig, where some 100,000 men fought for victory.

SWITZERLAND.

Thou Shalt Not Kiss the Dead.—There died in Geneva an old man of the time honored Jewish persuasion, who not alone left behind him an immense fortune, but also a character for extended benevolence. And the Israelites came from far and near to attend his funeral. Such a collection of noses had not been seen in Geneva within a living memory. And there were Rabbis of Geneva who made fine speeches, and there were Rabbis from other lands who spoke also, and they all praised him who had gone to sit in Abraham's bosom. Now there was one Rabbi from Calmar, in France, who opened his mouth wide in praise of the departed brother.

He spoke and said: "Twenty years ago, when I passed a poor, starving wanderer, through this town of Geneva, this good man lent me two hundred francs to ease my rough road toward Calmar and never to this day has he asked a farthing of the interest or capital of that kind loan. He will find his reward in heaven. Hallelujah, amen."

Thus spoke the Rabbi and departed again toward his home, with his beard wet with tears. But lo! when he arrived in the bosom of his numerous family there came to him a summons to appear before a court. The heirs at law of the defunct Rothschild had a bill against him for two hundred francs, which he was obliged to pay. With many groans, he was compelled also to disburse compound interest for twenty years, and the tears which he shed were of no avail. The heirs had brought the entire Jewish community of Geneva as witnesses of the debt, and thus came true the trite saying "thou shalt not kiss the dead."

TURKEY.

What It Costs to Keep a Sultan.—A late French paper, *L'Union*, gives some very interesting statistics in regard to the Sultan's monthly budget. The following items are copied verbatim from the registers of the imperial palace itself.

1. The civil list of the Sultan, each month, 50,000 purses (a purse amounts to value to \$20).
2. Irad, or revenue of the crown property, 40,000 purses (\$800,000).
3. The imperial kitchen, each month, 6,000 purses (\$120,000).
4. The imperial stables, 2,000 purses (\$40,000).
5. The Princess Adile, sister of the Sultan and wife of Mehemed-Ali-Pacha, each, 15,000 purses (\$300,000).
6. Her husband, Mehemed-Ali-Pacha, 500 purses (\$10,000); as Minister of the Marine, each month, 120,000 piastres (\$96,000), and the monthly rations, 50,000 piastres (\$40,000).
7. Four married princesses, each, monthly, 1,200 purses (\$36,000); their four husbands, each, monthly, 250 purses (\$5,000), and all are members of the Grand Council, where they each receive per month 30,000 piastres (\$24,000).
8. Asif Effendi, brother of the Sultan, monthly, 2,500 purses (\$50,000).
9. Eight sons of the Sultan, each, monthly, 500 purses (\$5,000); these are children of three, four, five and seven years of age.
10. Thirty-six wives of the Sultan, each, monthly, 80 purses (\$1,600); the Sultan has six legitimate wives (*nikaht*), twelve illegitimate (*gader*), and eighteen mistresses (*sehal*). Besides this monthly pay of 80 purses, the thirty-six wives of the Sultan receive, each year, a gratification of 250,000 purses (\$5,000,000).
11. Cash Hasmadar (grand mistress of the treasury) and twelve hazaradars or mistresses of the treasury, monthly, altogether, 1,000 purses (\$20,000). These thirteen hazaradars receive each year, as a gratification, 7,000 purses (\$140,000).
12. Seven hundred and eighty young female slaves who are kept in the imperial harem for the service and pleasure of his Majesty, monthly, altogether, 2,880 purses (\$57,600).
13. The Secretaries and Chamberlains of the Sultan, monthly, 3,500 purses (\$70,000).
14. The door-keepers and body-guard, altogether (1,000 men), monthly, 3,500 purses (\$70,000).
15. Two bands of musicians, with their leader, Nefit-Pacha, monthly, 4,000 purses (\$80,000).
16. The Kizlaraga (chief of the eunuchs) monthly, 1,800 purses (\$36,000), and fodder for eighty horses.
17. The body of the eunuchs of the harem, altogether, monthly, 1,400 purses (\$28,000), and 810 purses (\$16,200) for the keep of their horses.
18. The battaio or wood-carriers, 400 purses (\$8,000) and their board.
19. The kneecol or goldsmiths, 1,000 purses (\$20,000) per month.
20. Asif Effendi, brother of the Sultan, for the keeping up of his establishment, per month, 7,200 purses (\$144,000).
21. Murad Effendi, eldest son of the Sultan, for the monthly expenses of his establishment, 6,000 purses (\$120,000).
22. The two daughters of the Sultan, Achmed-Pacha, monthly, 2,800 purses (\$56,000).
23. Pensions for the old servants of the palace, monthly, 2,880 purses (\$57,600).
24. Pensions for the married and unmarried slaves who have retired from the harem, 28,800 purses (\$576,000).

All these expenses form a total of more than forty millions of dollars per month, or about five hundred millions of dollars annually—a sum beside which the magnificent (?) salary paid the President of these United States (\$25,000), must at once sink into the utter insignificance.

CHRISTIAN RAUCH

Was born in Arolsen, in the principality of Waldeck, on the 2nd of January, 1777, and studied the art of sculpture with Buhl in Kassel. In 1797 he came accidentally to Berlin, where he met with many misfortunes, but succeeded in making great progress in his art. With Count Sandrecky he travelled in 1804 through the southern part of France to Geneva and Rome, where he became acquainted with William de Humboldt (the brother of Alexander) and the then celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen. Both these gentlemen did all in their power to further Rauch's studies. During his abode at Rome he finished the reliefs *Hippolytus* and *Phædra*, *Mars* and *Venus* wounded by *Diomedes*; also the large bust of the King Frederick William III. of Prussia, now in the White Salon of the Royal Palace in Berlin. The best among his works at that time finished at Rome is the statue of Queen Louise of Prussia, in full length. His plan of a monument for the then deceased Queen Louise so much pleased the King, that Rauch was called to Berlin in 1811 to commence and finish that work there. Not long after the commencement of it, however, Rauch fell sick with typhus fever, and to recover as quick as possible the King permitted him to do the work in Italy. He therefore went to Carrara and Rome, where in 1813 he finished that fine monument. During the years 1814 up to 1826 he made statues of Generals Scharnhorst, Bulow and others, in all over seventy, in marble. In 1827 he commenced a statue of Blucher, in bronze, and in 1829 one of the King Max of Bavaria, also in bronze. His finest work, however, is the immensely large monument of King Frederick the Great of Prussia, which is placed between the University buildings and the Palace of the Prince of Prussia in Berlin. It is of bronze, and undoubtedly the best statue of the kind ever cast in Germany. There can be no doubt

that Christian Rauch was the greatest sculptor of his age. He died on the 3d December, 1857, in the eighty-first year of his age—too early for his art, and lamented by all who knew him or his works.

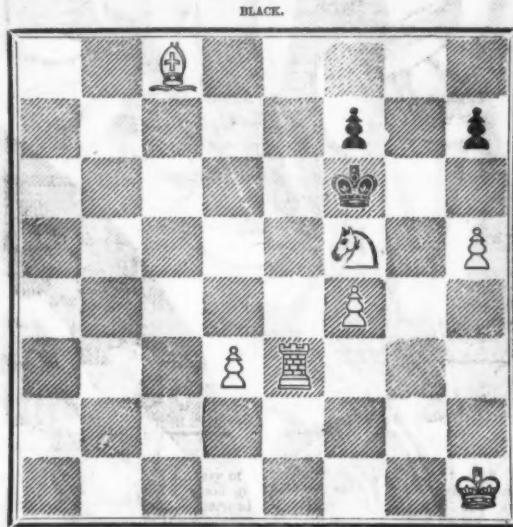
CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—C. S. R., New Bedford, Mass. The K cannot take the P, as he would be in check from the P. In the position named, the R may take Kt. and draw.—F. H. M., Hiram, O. A good problem does not have any superfluous pieces or pawns in it. Send along the problem.—F. H. T., Providence, R. I. I have not received Mr. C's letter yet. The gentleman named is a good player—you will have to "come out strong." The forthcoming Chess column of the *Evening Press* will be heartily welcomed by the "Chess circle."—W. W. E., Jun. There is nothing peculiar about the rules of playing by telegraph. The receipt of a message by the opposite party is the completion of the move and it cannot be recalled. Please send us the score of the contemplated match between "Yale" and "Brown University," as soon as completed.—JACOB ELSON, Lafayette, Ind. The letter referred to has never reached us. Will make inquiries about it.—D. E. S., Illinois. Problem is received and will be duly examined.—ROCHE. We do not know where the book can be had.—J. O. S., Pawtucket, R. I. Have written by mail.—J. F. Enclose fifty cents for a Chess Hand-book. You can then learn the game yourself.—W. D. M., Burlington College. Solution received.

Chess CLUB IN THE MINES OF CALIFORNIA.—The following extract from a private letter, shows the universality of the Chess interest. "Since Morphy has 'cleared out' the world, there has been great interest manifested for the game in California. Although this place (Smith's Flat, El Dorado Co.) is but a small mining camp, we have a Chess Club of twenty members. We take great interest in the Chess department of 'Lealie.'"—P. M. LAY.

PROBLEM No. 189.—By MR. KNOTT, of the Brooklyn Chess Club. White to play and mate in three moves.



We are indebted to the courtesy of Lord Lyttelton, the President of the Chess Association, for the following good game, played between his lordship and an amateur; it will be found, on perusal, to present many points of interest and instruction.—*Era.*

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. W. C.	Lord L.	Mr. W. C.	Lord L.
1 P to K4	P to Q4	21 R to QKt sq	P to Q3 (d)
2 Kt to K3	Kt to Q3	22 B to Q3	B to Kt3
3 P to K4 (a)	P to K3	23 B takes B (ch)	Q takes B
4 B to QKt5	Q to B2 (b)	24 P to R4	Q to Q3
5 P to Q3	P to K3	25 Q to Q2	K Kt to K3
6 B to Q2	B to Q3	26 Q to Q3	Q takes P (e)
7 Q to Q3	K Kt to K2	27 Q to B4	Q takes P
8 Castles	P to QKt3	28 P takes P	P to Q4
9 Kt to Q3	B to QKt2	29 Q to Q3 (ch)	K to B2
10 Kt to K2	Castles QR	(f)	
11 P to Q3	P to K3	30 K R to Q3	Q R takes P (g)
12 P to Q4	Q to QKt sq	31 K R to Q3	R takes P
13 P to K5	P takes P	32 Q to K3	Kt to R6 (ch) (h)
14 B takes P	B to Q2	33 K to R sq	Q to K3
15 B to K4	K R to K3	34 Q R to QKt3	P to K4
16 P to Q3	Kt to K3	35 Q to K2	P to Q3
17 B to K3	Q Kt to K2 (c)	36 Q to K5 (ch)	K to K2
18 P to Q4	Q Kt to K4	37 R takes B (ch) (i)	K takes R
19 Kt takes P	Kt takes B	38 Q to K sq	R takes Kt
20 Kt takes Kt	P takes P		And wins.

(a) A better, if not the best mode of opening this game, we consider to be—
3 P to Q4 P takes P 5 Kt to QKt5 P to Q3
4 Kt takes P P to K3 6 Kt to Q6 (ch) &c., with the better opening.

(b) Q to QKt3 is usually preferred here.
(c) Black's game was one of difficulty, and the defence is conducted with judgment and accuracy.

(d) Very well played.
(e) This is a most interesting position, and Black having relieved himself from his embarrassments, takes the attack into his own hands, and maintains it ably to the end.

(f) This was a good move, and some care and nicety of play were requisite on Black's part to avoid what it threatened.

(g) Lord Lyttelton plays all this very excellently.
(h) Finishing off the game with much ingenuity.

(i) White labored evidently under the impression that the Rook would be retaken with Queen, when he would have answered with R to Kt2, and won her, and failed to see that the King could make the capture instead with great effect.

MR. HENRY WILSON gives K Kt, which must be removed from the Board, to W. HARRIS, Esq., late of Richmond Chess Club. We give this game not so much for its intrinsic merit, as because anything relating to the veteran player who has passed away from us, cannot fail to be of interest to a lover of the game in which he so excelled.—*Era.*

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. H. W.	Mr. H.	Mr. H. W.	Mr. H.
1 P to Q4	P to K4	17 P to K Kt5	R to K Kt5
2 P to K3	Kt to K3	18 P to K4	Kt takes Kt
3 B to K2	P to Q3	19 P takes Kt	Kt to Q3
4 Castles	P to Q4	20 R to Q4	Q to K2
5 P to Q4	P takes B P	21 P to K4	P to K4
6 B takes P	P takes P	22 Q to Q	Q to K3 (d)
7 P takes P	B to K2	23 Q takes P	R to R3
8 B to K Kt5	Castles	24 Q to Q	R takes P
9 Kt to Q3	Kt to Q4	25 Q to Q8 (ch)	R takes R
10 B takes B	Kt takes B	26 Q takes R (ch)	Q to B
11 P to K Kt4 (a)	B to K3	27 Q to Q	Q takes P
12 B takes B	P takes B	28 Q to Q8 (ch)	Q to B
13 Q to Q Kt3 (b)	R to B3	29 Q to Q2	Q to Q4 (ch)
14 Q R to K	Q takes P	30 K to K2	R to K5 (ch)
15 R to K4 (c)	Q to Q4	31 K to R3	Q takes Kt
16 K R to K	Kt to K3		And wins.

(a) Played, most probably, to prevent the B or Kt of his adversary from being placed at K4.

(b) K R to K would have been better play.

(c) It is quite clear that White could not have taken the Q Kt P with Queen, for then Black would have mated in three moves.

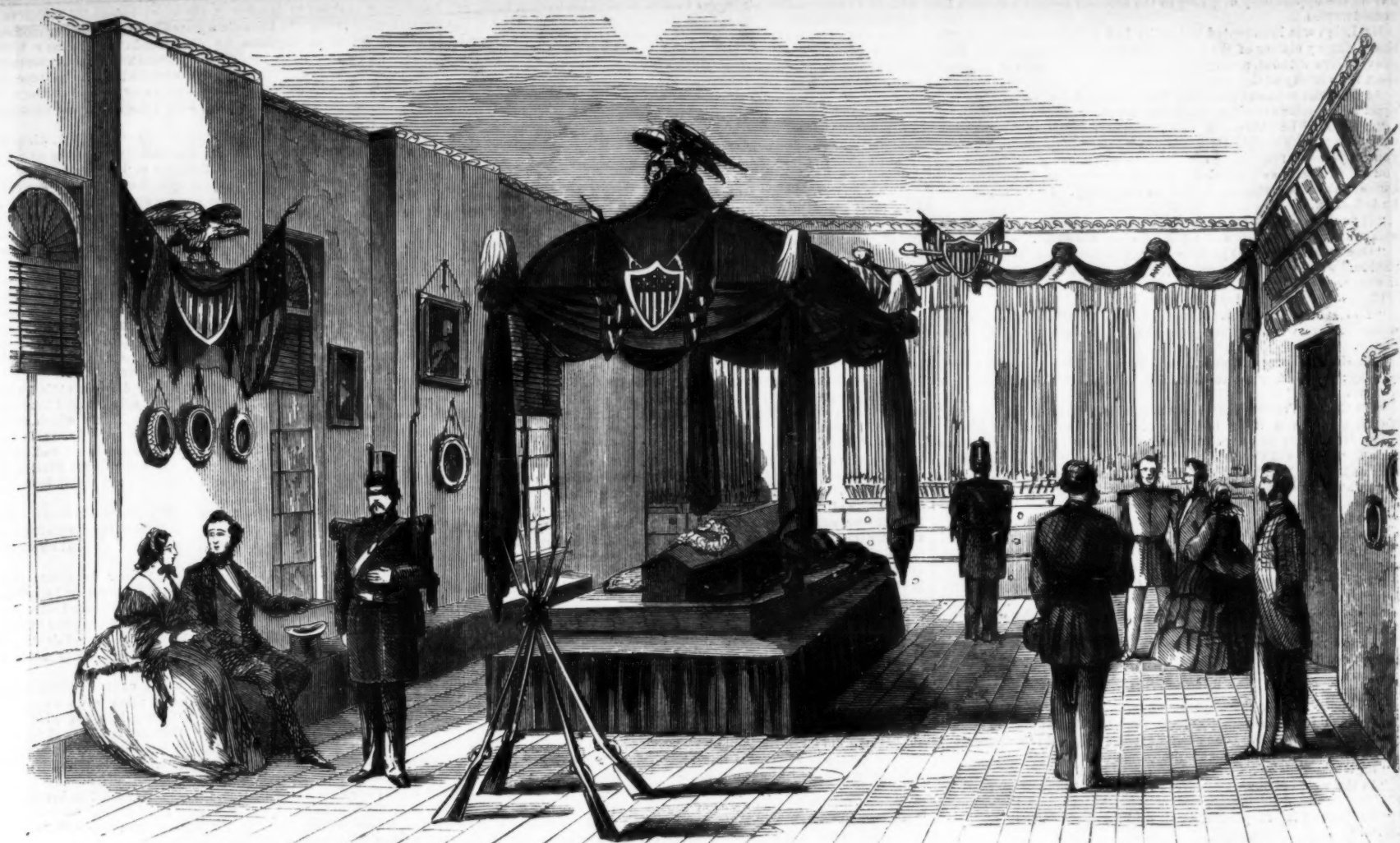
(d) Very well played, as will presently be observed.

An End to Scandal.—Madame La Vert, in one of her charming pictures of Cuban life, says the women there have a noble trait of character—"they never speak ill of each other, but always find some palliation for the errors of their own sex." This is indeed a charming feature in every womanly mind, and so far from limiting their conversation it will increase it, besides placing them in their natural position. We, however, think it a trait not entirely confined to the Cuban ladies.

It has also been observed by another writer "that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender and humane. I never addressed myself to them in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland; rude and churlish Finland; unprincipled Russia; and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have ever been friendly, and uniformly so! and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."



CHRISTIAN RAUCH, THE CELEBRATED GERMAN SCULPTOR, IN HIS STUDIO.—FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY LUDWIG BURGER.—SEE PAGE 273.



LYING IN STATE OF THE BODY OF LIEUTENANT CORNELIUS VAN CAMP, IN THE LANCASTER, PA., ARMORY.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY J. AUGUSTUS BECK.

LIEUTENANT CORNELIUS VAN CAMP.

LIEUTENANT VAN CAMP was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a son of John C. Van Camp, Esq., a prominent citizen of that city. He entered the military academy at West Point as a cadet, in June, 1851, and having graduated with distinction in the class of 1855, received the appointment of Second Lieutenant of the Second Regiment of Cavalry. From that time he served with his regiment, with great credit and promise of distinction and usefulness in the service, until he met a soldier's death on the 1st of October, 1858, at the early age of twenty-five years.

While stationed with his regiment at Fort Belknap, Texas, an expedition under command of Major Van Dorn, started for the Wichita mountains, about a hundred and thirty miles north of the fort, in the Indian Territory, which Lieutenant Van Camp accompanied in the capacity of topographical officer and adjutant. The command were engaged in the duties of the expedition when they encountered a band of hostile Camanches encamped near Otter Creek, C. N., at the foot of the mountains, and the troops immediately charged upon the enemy. Lieutenant Van Camp was among the first to enter the hostile camp, and the first to fall, pierced by an arrow to the heart. Major Van Dorn was also severely wounded in the engagement, which resulted in the defeat and flight of the Indians, leaving from sixty to seventy of their warriors on the field of battle.

Lieutenant Van Camp was skilled in all the sciences necessary to the soldier, active and diligent in the discharge of his duties, an excellent linguist, amiable, accomplished and brave; his devotion to his profession is manifested in the following extract from a letter written to his parents but one week before the fatal event put an end to all his noble aspirations: "I love my profession, and will do all I can to exalt and ennoble it. A great many—far too many, look on it as a means of subsistence; I still regard it as a noble art. Perhaps the time may come when I too will lose the interest and delight I now take in it, and when disgust will replace admiration. But till then I live on in hopes of something turning up, which will prove that arms are still as glorious as in the days of old." By his gallant and exemplary conduct he had gained the regard and esteem of his associates and superior officers, and his death merited the notice of Lieutenant-General Scott, who, in orders, mentioned his services and admirable character, commending them to the grateful recollection of the country he so faithfully and creditably served.

His remains, after being transported to his native city from the distant borders of civilization, were re-interred on Wednesday the 16th of March, 1859, and were accompanied to their final resting-place in one of the beautiful cemeteries of Lancaster, by the military of the city, the Lancaster Fencibles, and their invited guests, the Jackson Rifles, mayor and councils, various civil organizations, and a large concourse of the citizens of Lancaster and its vicinity.

Our sketch represents them as they lay in state in the armory of the Lancaster Fencibles, who formed the guard of honor and had charge of the public ceremonies on the occasion. During the day the room was thronged with visitors who came to pay their last sad tribute to departed excellence. The lament was general that one so young, so promising, so talented, so eminently fitted to succeed in the profession he had chosen, should be called thus suddenly away from earth; but the designs of Providence are inscrutable, and this is but another instant of the truth of the proverb, that "Man proposes and God disposes."

We cannot conclude without a few complimentary remarks upon the military company who had these funeral obsequies under their immediate and admirable management—we allude to the Lancaster Fencibles. This fine body of citizen-soldiers was organized May 27th, 1856, under the command of the veteran Captain John H. Duehman, now Colonel of the regiment to which the company is attached. In the short period of their existence, they have attained to great efficiency in the drill, and in the performance of camp duty with the regiment. They maintain a high reputation both at home and abroad,

on account of the first-rate material of which they are composed, their good order, discipline and public spirit. The company is indeed quite an institution, and a source of pride and gratification to the citizens of Lancaster.

ADA LEIGH; OR, THE LOVE TEST.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of the "Flower of the Flock," "Snake in the Grass," &c.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

ELEANOR LEIGH VERNER was taller than Ada Leigh, but not too tall for the mould in which she had been formed. The two were about

the same age, but the figure of Miss Verner was more fully developed than that of her cousin. At every successive stage of her yet young life she had been considered as a fine grown girl, and now that she was approaching womanhood she yet more fully confirmed that judgment. Her figure, erect and stately in its bearing, was extremely graceful in its outline, the art of the dressmaker being made use of to increase its attractions, rather than to conceal its beauties. Her neck, swanlike, gave a majestic importance to a head and face singularly handsome.

It was impossible for any one to gaze upon that remarkable face and not be fascinated by it. Not, perhaps, that fascination which implies love, but rather that attraction which whispers, in a moment, that whoever was thrown within its influence would be affected by it for good or ill. Indifference there could never be. Her eye large and a deep, clear brown—clear to look into, dark almost to black, seen from a short distance or when in perfect repose—had all the character of the Asiatic orb, and was not less intensely expressive. Her nose was straight, perhaps rather with a tendency to the aquiline than the pure Grecian, and the nostril was small, but susceptible of expansion under any emotion; indeed it was at times the only indication of anger, scorn or distrust visible upon imperturbable features, when she desired to conceal what was passing within her brain. Her lips were small, but full and ruddy; her complexion was, however, pale rather than fair, and her brilliant glossy jet hair, worn plain, save a Norma plait, woven spirally upon the crest of her head, rendered its aspect paler still. Her colorless face did not detract from her beauty; on the contrary, it rather heightened it, and undoubtedly helped to give to her that distinguished air which would have forbidden surprise had she been pointed out as an empress. Cecil removed his eyes, content with a momentary inspection, but with an undefined foreboding respecting her stealing over him. His gaze almost immediately settled upon the face of Ada Leigh, and it was to him as though he had averted his troubled look from a threatening storm cloud to rest on the serene heaven above it.

At the same time there obtruded themselves in his brain comparisons between the two he had alternately regarded. It struck him that each was a perfect type of a very opposite style of beauty, and that to be much in the society of either would be calculated to endanger the peace of mind of one so susceptible to the claims of whatever was in itself beautiful as he knew himself to be. He had not brought himself yet to remember that beauty—at least female beauty—ought to possess no more charm for him than what pertained to a disinterested admiration. He had his way to make in the world, to secure to himself a tangible position, and he had no right to bring any fair girl into that condition of hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. No, not yet had he realized his real position. He could not so soon forget what he had been, and step from a high grade to a comparatively low one at one movement, to be ready to obey where he had commanded, to change the bearing of the master for the humility of the dependant. Yet this was before him to do.

Eleanor Verner's reception was a sharp reminder; still it had not aroused any other emotion in him than an angry sense of insult, for Mr. Leigh had as yet treated him with a courtesy which had forbidden him to feel a difference in station. If there had been an assumption of inequality, it seemed to arise rather from disparity in years than in condition in life. While Ada's natural sense of gratitude, no less than the urgings of her gentle, affable, amiable nature, forbade her treating him in any other way than one to whom she was under no common obligation.

After the reception given to him by Eleanor Verner, Cecil would have been placed in a painful state of embarrassment had not Mr. Leigh, with a motive he did not reveal, commenced putting a number of leading questions to him, which, though modestly answered, served the purpose of making known that he had been highly educated; that, in addition to rather eminent classical attainments, he was master of the science of figures and of several modern languages.

Mr. Leigh expressed great satisfaction at the result of his questioning, and Cecil himself was not displeased at



THE LATE LIEUTENANT CORNELIUS VAN CAMP.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WM. L. GILL, LANCASTER, PA.

having the opportunity of giving to the scornful beauty a subject for consideration.

Mr. Leigh was interrupted before he had quite concluded, by the sharp ringing clatter of the hoofs of a restive horse upon the hard gravel drive without, and by the sudden dash with which it galloped from the vicinity of the house.

At the same moment the stern, tall man, who had dispatched Mat upon his singular errand, stalked into the room.

"Spencer!" he exclaimed, addressing Mr. Leigh, with the sharp, curt tone usually adopted by military men of high grade, "I think your impression respecting the young fellow I have just despatched, you know where, well founded. He has intelligence, has a well-knit frame, possesses mettle, and rides like a jockey. I dare swear, too, he is faithful."

"If you, sir, are alluding to him who accompanied me hither, I will answer for his faith with my life," observed Cecil.

"One could hardly expect to hear less from a friend and companion," was the response uttered, with a slight dash of sarcasm in the tone.

Cecil looked at him steadily.

"You should expect from me no less, sir, than becomes one whose honor is his dearest possession," he exclaimed, with emphasis.

"Sir Gerard Verner intended no offence," interposed Mr. Leigh, quickly: "he but suggests what is natural; a friend should speak well of a friend."

"Sir Gerard Verner, himself honorable, would scarcely vouch for his friend's honor if he believed him scant of trustworthiness. Wherefore should he conceive that I would barter my honor even for a friend?" said Cecil, with the same gravity and clearness of tone as before. Mr. Leigh was about to speak; but Sir Gerard Verner waved his hand for him to be silent. He perused Cecil's features for at least a minute with a keen scrutiny, then he said, "You have the bearing and the address of a gentleman—"

"Such was I born—so bred," appended Cecil, before Sir Gerard could proceed further, with a dignity he could not possibly have assumed had it been unnatural to him.

Sir Gerard Verner started as he once more regarded the flushed features of Cecil.

"I have seen your face before—Where?" he cried, sharply.

Cecil shook his head.

"I know not. I have never seen you, Sir Gerard, before to-night," he replied.

The knight mused for a minute or so, and then, in a tone of soliloquy, muttered,

"It cannot be: too many years have elapsed for it to be more than an accidental resemblance. Tell me, Mr. Wykeham," he added suddenly, "where have your early days been passed?"

"So long as I remember, at Ingleby," returned Cecil.

"Ingleby—Ingleby?—Where is it situated?" he inquired hastily.

"In the west of Gloucestershire, in the neighborhood of a chain of hills," returned Cecil.

"Don't know it," responded Sir Gerard; and added briskly, "born there?"

A flush mounted to the brow of Cecil.

"There is some mystery connected with my birth and infancy," he replied. "I have resided from my earliest recollections with my late uncle, who was in possession of the concealed facts relative to my origin, and the motives for keeping me secluded. He would never reveal them to me; he resisted every entreaty. He bade me rest content with his solemn assurance that no shame was embraced in the mystery surrounding both myself and him, and that gentle blood ran pure in my veins. He informed me that all that it was natural I should desire to know he had committed to a paper, which, on his death, would become mine, with whatever he might leave behind him. He is dead, and lies in Ingleby Church; but, alas! I have not been able to discover the paper he had promised to bequeath to me, although I searched in every place, nook or cranny in which it might have been hidden."

"Did he leave a will?" inquired Sir Gerard.

Cecil replied in the affirmative.

"That document was easily discovered," he said. "It was short: it bequeathed the manor-house, in which he had resided for so many years, to me, together with its contents, and such money as I might find in the chest in which I discovered the will. The sum was small, and as, after his funeral, several authenticated claims for debts owing were presented to me as his sole known living representative, I closed with an offer to rent the house and furniture as it stood, receiving the amount for a term of years in one sum, less the discount for the advanced payment. I have reserved the right to re-enter possession of the premises at any time on repayment of the sums I have received. I then discharged the debts, and with my horse Tartar, and the residue, set forth to face the world, unknown, unfriended, save by my honest companion, Matthew Holyoak."

Sir Gerard Verner and Mr. Leigh as he concluded conferred together apart, and after a few minutes' converse in an undertone, the latter approached Cecil and said,

"Mr. Wykeham, both Sir Gerard and myself are satisfied with your frankness, and have confidence in your truthfulness: if, therefore, you are disposed to accept the offer, I will at once appoint you my private secretary. I have an extensive correspondence. Failing health and a grave matter I have on hand compels me to have assistance to carry it on, which, at the same time, must be reliable and confidential. You have served me—nay, I probably owe my life to your valuable and timely aid; it is therefore my duty to endeavor to serve you; I will do so if you will enable me, and I think I can have no better opportunity to execute my wish than during the performance of your duties in the post I offer to you."

"I am only too grateful for the appointment, sir," replied Cecil, with earnestness. "If I could have chosen for myself I could not have selected a post, I believe, more suitable to my acquirements. I will endeavor to do my duty to you, sir, faithfully and honorably."

"Enough," replied Mr. Leigh. "I will now leave you for a short time, I have some matters to attend to. You can leave London to-night, Mr. Wykeham?"

"I have now, sir, only your wishes to consult," he replied.

"Very good; I thank you," quickly responded Mr. Leigh. "Await me here, the ladies will entertain you. Come, Sir Gerard, we have not much time to spare."

Cecil was thus left alone with Ada and Eleanor. Alone with two most beautiful girls, quite conscious that the lustrous eyes of both were turned upon him.

Now most men have a pretty shrewd inkling of the quality and courage required to enter upon a "cutting out" expedition in armed boats, or to storm a battery from which a blazing hail of red hot shot is pouring, but it is not all men who comprehend the nature of that heroism required to face, alone and unsupported yet with ease, a brace of beauties such as were now before Cecil.

We know we may be promptly reminded that, though in childhood we all most acutely felt that punishment which placed us upon a form between, and elbow to elbow with, two of the prettiest little girls in the dame's school, we do not now consider it so tremendously unpleasant, nor perhaps may we even look upon it as a punishment at all—nay, some are disposed to bear such a situation with exemplary equanimity; but that is not the bravery of which we would speak.

We are aware too that many ha-has will be readily tendered by those individuals stuccoed in self-assurance, who can see nothing to occasion embarrassment in Cecil's position, and would be only too delighted to accept just such another; but then we know that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

We speak of that wondrous self-possession which would enable men young as Cecil, as high in principle, as pure in morals, as bright in honor, and as sensitive of that wondrous charm, heaven-born, which, like a white and shining light, surrounds the presence of a young, lovely, innocent girl, to advance and converse, unembarrassed,

with two young ladies, strangers to him, in addition to their being of unexampled beauty.

It is not our intention to analyze this peculiar property possessed by so very, very few young men; nor shall we state what would be our impression of the young gentleman who laid claim to it, and proved it to be his own. We intend only to acknowledge that Cecil was not one of the fortunate few, and honestly admit that he would have more cheerfully volunteered to command a boat's crew, on a pitch dark night, on most dangerous service, or led the way up to the aforesaid battery, than have been thus left alone to be "entertained" by these two beautiful creatures of "high degree"—one nearly, the other wholly unknown to him.

As Mr. Leigh and Sir Gerard disappeared a dead silence reigned for a short period in the apartment. Cecil had no desire to stand motionless, in order to earn the reputation of being a fool; but had the purchase of worlds been offered to him for a subject on which to speak, he could not have found one. He wished to say something to Ada, but not an idea would come to him. He had no desire to attempt to converse with Eleanor; her reception of him had quite taken away all inclination; but with the sweet and gentle Ada he yearned to hold converse, little caring what might be the topic, so that he listened to her soft, low, melodious voice. He was spared the trouble of a lengthened cogitation by hearing that very voice, which made his heart-strings vibrate, address him by name.

"Mr. Wykeham," softly and timidly exclaimed Ada.

He looked up swiftly. She was a pace or two nearer to him. Instinctively he approached her, and placed himself in an attitude of respectful attention.

"Mr. Wykeham," she continued, "this morning I told you that when next we met I would make to you some observations which I at the moment deferred. I will take the opportunity now afforded me to do so. As you are immediately to leave this place, and the movements of my father are likely to be so erratic, it may be some time ere we again meet. You, sir, rescued me from a position of very considerable peril, gallantly and fearlessly exposing yourself to much danger. You also—and in this you have yet deeper claims upon my gratitude—saved my father from brutal ill-treatment, most probably from death, for at the time he was attacked he was laboring under indisposition, from which, indeed, he has not recovered. I feel, Mr. Wykeham, that words are very insincere testimonies of the truth of our real sentiments; and I am therefore desirous of employing them sparingly, using them only so far as to tell you that I deeply estimate your bravery in behalf of entire strangers, and that I am, personally, most grateful. To my father I leave the more substantial recognition of your important, yet disinterested, service; but I trust that you will receive from me this small token of my grateful sense of it, and as a trifling memento to remind you of the obligation I am under, should an occasion arise in which such influence as I happen to possess may be beneficial to you."

She removed from about her neck a valuable chain, to which was appended a locket, profusely ornamented with diamonds and pearls, interspersed with turquoises. She placed it in his hands.

When had he ever experienced such an emotion as that which now almost rendered him powerless? He made a convulsive effort to speak, and after a second attempt succeeded.

"I am sure Miss Leigh will understand," he said in a low tone, "that it would be my duty to accept from her any mark of favor which hereafter any unusual service might induce her to bestow. I also hope that Miss Leigh will acquit me of any romantic folly, or any inflated consciousness of what has passed, if I decline to receive her generous present, upon the grounds that what I have done has been done yet more boldly and bravely by another, who more than shared the danger, and who most deserves such honor as may belong to our exertions."

"In saying this, I intend no self-denial. I am aware of the part I played, of its value at a critical moment; but it would be contemptible in me to conceal from you that it was an impulsive act, which would have been undertaken in the same way had the persons attacked been of the poorest and humblest condition. I am amply recompensed by your thanks, and must beg of you to receive again your elegant gift without offence—I should so grieve to occasion it—believing that neither my principles nor my inclination would permit me in this instance to accept an unshared reward, which it might be, under other circumstances, my ambition to possess, and my proudest feeling to prize."

Ada, who had listened with the greatest attention to every word, by a movement refused to take back the trinket.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Wykeham," she said, trying to smile. "You treat the affair a little too gravely. I offer not that bauble as a reward—you will learn to know me better—but as a memento; it will remind you that I am in your debt a service, and it will impress upon me that ingratitude is an ungracious failing quickly to be effaced; I pray you to keep the trifle, Mr. Wykeham, for the purpose I have explained."

Not a word of the foregoing had been lost upon Eleanor, who listened with attentive ears, and regarded both with attentive look.

She observed that he had only eyes for Ada, that his eyes had only once been turned upon her. Very proper, perhaps, in a person who, after all, was but a secretary. Why, therefore, should she feel nettled that his gaze had not wandered in her direction? Why did she feel impelled to take part in the conversation, and that her part should be signalled by stinging sarcasm? That may hereafter be revealed. She, at the moment, knew not.

"Really, Ada," she exclaimed, with an affected gaiety which did not conceal the intended bitterness of her tone, "you transport me back to the days when *preux chevaliers* roamed about succoring orphelins and distressed damsels. You are well able now to sustain the part of the distressed maiden, rescued from the hands of some black baron's predatory retainers; and you, Mr.—Mr.—I beg your pardon—"

Cecil looked her firmly and steadfastly in the face.

"Wykeham," he murmured, in a low tone.

She bore that firm look with an unwavering eyelid. She detected the pride which had occasioned it, and felt pleased that such an emotion could be so quickly called up.

"Wykeham," she repeated, slowly, "thank you, Mr. Wykeham; you have already proved yourself the knight-errant, you must therefore permit me to suggest that it would be out of character to refuse the lady's favor to wear upon all occasions."

She suddenly stretched out her hand, and taking the locket from him, she turned it over, pressed the spring, which caused the lid to fly open, and examined it. Closing it, she returned it to Cecil.

"I perceive the cause of your hesitation in accepting it, Sir Knight," she exclaimed, and walked to the table.

She returned, and approaching Ada, before it was possible to prevent her, she removed a small lock of that fair glossy hair, snapped it off with a pair of scissors, and with a light laugh, flung it into the hand of Cecil.

"There, brave sir," she exclaimed, the last words bisecting as they came through her beautiful pearly teeth. "Your locket is nothing without a lock of hair from the head of her whose favor you wear."

Ada crimsoned to the temples, tears sprang to her eyes, and she turned so reproachful a look upon her cousin, that Eleanor, with a passionate motion of the hand, exclaimed,

"Forgive me, Ada."

At this moment the voices of Sir Gerard Verner and Mr. Leigh were heard, indicating their approach. Eleanor turned an affrighted look on Cecil.

"Conceal what you have there, sir, quick, and keep your own counsel," she said, in a tone hardly more appealing in its character than it was imperious.

Cecil had scarcely time to comply before he felt the hand of Sir Gerard Verner upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER X.—A DINNER PARTY—THE THREAT.

Poor Lucy Alabaster! It was a great comfort to her on reaching

home to be enabled to indulge in the quiet uninvaded seclusion of her own little room. In Triangle square she had shared her mother's bed; but the great facilities for accommodation the new house afforded gave to her the luxury of a small room adjoining her mother's as a private chamber. She became attached to it, because she could here sit and ruminate, give way to depressed feelings, or prosecute the labors of her needle with toilsome ardor, unnoticed and unquestioned.

Her mother was so doatingly fond of her, that often, when she appeared to be busying herself about household matters, she would be intently watching the expressive features of her pretty child. If she looked pale or seemed sad, if her eyes were heavy or she plied herself with unremitting activity to her needle, her mother, with an anxious solicitude, would put questions to her by scores, most of which she was very unwilling to answer, because she wished her mother to believe that she was one of the happiest and most contented girls in the world.

But she certainly was not happy, from two causes: firstly, it was plain to be seen, though her mother said nothing to her respecting her position, traces of the care and anxiety she was suffering were upon her features. To see them, and to know that at present it was not in her power to remove them, was one source of disquiet; and secondly, there was the presence of Mr. Jasper Olive, and the strange dread she had of him, absent or at home.

She did not quite understand why she should possess this feeling respecting him. He had always treated her with marked kindness, and never offered to her any freedom or familiarity which might have been justified by the relation in which he stood towards her, and he had, as it appeared, acted the part of a staunch friend to her mother, in aiding her thus far through the unfortunate dilemma in which she had been placed. Wherefore should she shrink from him in terror and aversion?

We are afraid that we must acknowledge she did not argue the question dispassionately; she possessed instinctively an antipathy to him, and that appeared sufficient, because it was not at all an impression out of which she felt she could be argued.

Nor was she contented. She felt that their departure from Triangle square had worn the character of a secret and shameful flight; that she had been conducted to what was little better than close confinement. From what Mr. Olive said, and from the manner in which he acted, it seemed very problematical when this state of things would terminate. Therefore Lucy was certainly not contented.

She would not have grieved had the whole contents of the house been swept away, and they had been called upon to walk out from their present abode to take up their residence in a place far more humble, and she were compelled to support her mother and herself, always premising that she left behind her Mr. Jasper Olive to enjoy his *otium "sine"* dignitate there or anywhere else, so that it was not in her society.

It was to her dear little sanctum, then, she hastened on her return. It was there she knelt down, and with tearful eyes offered up to heaven a fervent thanksgiving for her escape; she offered up a prayer, too, for him who had rescued her.

And now she rose up and sat upon the edge of her bed, and fastened her clear eyes upon the unclouded expanse of blue which embraced the whole heavens.

Why did her cheek glow? Why did she sigh? Why did she believe that she had beheld the clearest eyes under heaven bent upon her, and had listened to the pleasantest voice in the world?

Why did she lean that smooth round cheek, which now burned more than ever, pensively upon her cold hand, and turn her gaze yet more soft and dreamy still, upon the overarching cloudland? Why did she repeat her sigh as a thought uprose, a vexing troublous thought, that never more might she see one who in her great peril had come as an angel to her aid?

Who shall answer?

Would it not be the most difficult thing in the world to undertake to decide why any young lady acted in any particular way, when in nine cases out of ten, she is not herself in the secret?

We therefore shall content ourselves by saying that poor Lucy's cheek glowed, her thoughts wandered, her heart palpitated under the influence of some inward emotion, while her gaze was all directed on—vacancy.

It was the first time she had experienced this kind of abstraction. There was something inexpressibly delicious in it, but of course it was far too agreeable to last. She was doomed to be suddenly aroused from her day dream, vexed by the shrill tones of Winks's voice summoning her to an interview with her mother in the room below.

She carefully removed, as far as possible, all traces of her recent emotion before she descended. But her mother's quick eye detected that something had occurred, and she put twenty questions to her before she waited to have one answered. Lucy merely told her that she had been in some danger from a horse which had taken fright, and had been saved from harm by a gentleman passing that way. It was with no little difficulty that Lucy contrived to parry the many interrogatories respecting the scene of the incident, the horse that occasioned it, and the gentleman who had saved her. However communicative Lucy might have been about the two first propositions, she was exceedingly reserved upon the last.

When the topic was disposed of, she learned that she had been sent for to be informed it was the natal day of Mr. Olive, and that that auspicious event, his birth, had come off that day twenty-six years previously. A statement which Charity Winks overhearing, occasioned her to give way to a variety of gestures significant of strong disbelief, together with an observation that she believed him to be "a jolly old twenty-sixer."

Mrs. Alabaster said that before he quitted her that morning, Mr. Olive had informed her he had not for many years made any distinction in the way in which he had kept that day, but on the present occasion he felt induced to make an exception, and keep it in a festive manner. He had sent in, she said, fish and fowls, and a haunch of mutton, and expensive vegetables; together with wines, cakes, grapes, greengages, peaches, nuts and other fruit in season. He had invited Mrs. Alabaster and her daughter to dine with him, and expressed his intention of bringing home from the city a friend who was wholly unacquainted with the circumstances which had brought Mrs. Alabaster to her present abode, and who might be safely trusted to hear their names mentioned, because he lived in circles far superior to the acquaintanceship of Scorch and Witherem. Mrs. Alabaster further added that Mr. Olive before leaving had expressed his hope that nothing would interfere to prevent their spending a happy and cheerful evening, and that Mrs. and Miss Alabaster would wear their most fascinating smiles. Mrs. Alabaster concluded by requesting Lucy to make such alterations in her usual attire as would show she did honor to the occasion, and to set about the task at once, for the hour of dinner was at hand, and she expected Mr. Olive and his guest home very shortly.

Lucy listened very much with the air of one who received the information that she was expected to join a dinner-party in a cemetery, where she would be watched at every move and turn by the expanded eyes of a grim and silent fiend. She saw in a moment, that remonstrance or dissent to the arrangement would be useless, such a proceeding on her part could only beget interrogatories to which she felt quite unequal to respond. She therefore returned to her room without a word, more utterly dispirited than ever she had felt before in all her life.

She did not know why, but she mistrusted this dinner-party. She felt convinced that it had a motive with which she was in some way connected, and her little heart stirred up rebelliously. If Mr. Olive had been—any one else in fact, the dress for state occasions would have been brought forth with felicity, would have been shaken with scrupulous care, pulled out of crease tenderly, and the decorations re-arranged; as it was, she took it out and prepared to wear it with about as much satisfaction as if it had been a winding-sheet.

It was flung with a vexed air on the bed, and there by its side she seated herself, to draw a mental contrast; once more her fair cheek burned, and she clasped her hands and wept.

Oh, Mr. Jasper Olive, your cause after that contrast did not prosper!

The shrill pipes of Charity again aroused her, and to her alarm, she heard by the low sonorous hum of voices below, that the gentlemen had arrived. She was still further surprised at learning from Winks, who crept into her room, that the dinner was served, her mother having been some time dressed, and the party below only waited for her presence to commence to dine. Had her reverie been so long continued as to allow this to happen? She had not commenced even to change her dress. With a disturbed, half-frightened aspect, she said to Winks,

"Oh, Mercy, go down quietly to my mother, and beg her to excuse my appearance; say I am not well—but mind, Mercy, do not say I am ill, for that will terrify her and bring her upstairs, which I do not want; say I shall be better presently, and will be down by the time that dinner has ended."

Charity nodded her head at every sentence, to evidence that she comprehended what was said to her, and when Lucy had concluded, she looked piercingly at her young mistress with her large dark eyes, and said,

"But you ain't ill though, are you?"

"No, no, child," replied Lucy, quickly, "don't you see I am not dressed, I have not begun yet."

"Shall I bring your dinner here?" asked Winks, still eyeing her with an inquisitive glance.

"No, I do not want any," replied Lucy, motioning her to depart.

"Ain't you very sorry not to be able to dine along of Mr. Jasper Olive on his forty-six birthday?" asked Winks, with an anxious stare.

Such a glance of ineffable scorn passed over Lucy's features as she heard the question, that the merely quiet negative with which she replied to it would not have been needed by one of more obtuse intellect than Winks, to tell that certainly no regret found a place in her mind at being absent from the well spread board. Winks uttered a low chuckling laugh and departed.

"Forty-six'll have his appetite spoiled to-day, an' he's paid for all too," she muttered, in a low tone. "He'll turn as yellow as a pound o' twelves, and grin at me as spitefully as that beastly large white goat next door, which is precious like him about the head and face, on'y it ain't half ugly enough."

And having thus delivered herself, she communicated her message.

Consternation on the face of Mrs. Alabaster, dissatisfaction on the features of Olive, and impatience on the part of his friend, an individual whose maxim it was not to wait an instant at dinner for any one—followed the communication of Winks. Mrs. Alabaster would have hurried to Lucy's chamber, but Winks stayed her, and repeated the latter part of her message with some emphasis. She was afraid they might wait for her, and Mr. Olive find an appetite for his dinner after all.

Mrs. Alabaster remembering her daughter's brief narration of the accident which had happened, now referred to it, pleaded it as an excuse, and begged the gentlemen to be seated, and commence dinner.

They obeyed her, and Winks acted as a communicator between some mysterious individual outside the room door, who was constantly handing to Charity dishes laden with good things and an endless supply of clean plates, while Winks responded by returning dirty plates and dishes, whose contents had been partaken of.

If the absence of Lucy from the table had partly taken away the appetite of Mr. Jasper Olive, the account of the narrow escape she had had completely destroyed it.

He sat—to the intense satisfaction of the small Mercy—with a face perfectly livid, tasting nothing, sending every plate away untouched. Wholly inattentive to his friend, who was paying the greatest possible attention to the calls of his appetite—engrossed by nothing but the event which had occurred to Lucy, and putting the most close and ingenious questions to Mrs. Alabaster, to get at the real facts.

It was not any sympathy for her daughter's accident, or for any weakness or illness that might be attendant upon it, which debarred him from eating; it was the fact that Lucy had been out wandering, had fallen into danger, and had been extricated from it by a gentleman—by whom? What was his name, was he young—was he a gentleman, did he meet Lucy before the accident occurred, or while it was in progress, had he accompanied her home, had he ever seen her before, was he—ay, was he likely to come again?

Not one of these questions could Mrs. Alabaster answer, and Jasper Olive, who pressed them upon the good lady, repeated them, twisted them into a variety of forms, without eliciting more than he had known at first.

There was a cold sickness gnawing at his heart; he hated the bare notion that she should have been out alone. He hated yet more the adventure with the gentleman he did not know, but he had rather she had perished than that a gentleman should have saved her.

So, perplexed by this story, yet more than by Lucy's absence from the table, he suffered every dainty to pass him untasted, and partook only of three or four glasses of sherry.

He sat silent, and like a brooding demon at the head of the table. Mrs. Alabaster faced him; flustered by the part she had to play, flustered by his questions and harassed by Lucy's absence, so that she could scarcely eat a morsel; while Olive's friend, too much occupied in devouring the contents of his oft-replenished plate, suffered no sound to escape from him save that which he could not prevent—the crackle, crackle, crackle of his huge stock, as it bent beneath the incessant wagging of his jaws.

Lucy, who dressed hastily and purposely without care, had finished, when she sat, wretched enough, waiting for the conclusion of the dinner. Alas! it was no festive occasion to her; and when by certain indications she believed it was ended, she rang the bell for Winks. She remembered her mother's isolated condition, and she determined, at any personal discomfort, to make her appearance at her side.

Winks appearing in reply to the bell, answered Lucy's question as to the state of affairs, by saying,

"The froot's agoin in now." Then she chuckled, and added, "Mr. Jasper Olive hasn't touched a blessed morsel, he! he! he! an' 'is face is as yellow as a summer cabbage biled to death, and looks for all the world like a mackerel." Winks disappeared, for she knew that Lucy permitted to her no such licence; but her communication was by no means cheering to her young mistress, who suspected from it that her worst fears were verified. Drawing, however, a deep breath, she descended the stairs and timidly entered the room.

In the eyes of Jasper Olive and the inflamed orbs of his gormandising friend, there seemed to be a fairy suddenly gliding into their presence. They both at once rose up to welcome her. She could do no less than respond. She might not have dressed herself with care, she might have so disposed her attire and her beautiful hair as to make her appear to the least advantage, but withal she was so pretty, her features were so sweetly formed, and the expression they wore so charming, that she needed no aid from dress or ornament to make her beautiful.

A flush passed over Jasper Olive's face; he saw how pale she looked, how sad and reserved her general bearing, and he could not divest himself of the belief that "the gentleman" spoken of had something to do with it. He scrutinised her features closely, and tried to read a true interpretation of the page they presented. The attempt was not very re-assuring, for he could see how studiously she avoided meeting his eyes.

Nudged by his friend who was yet standing, and who with gloat-

ing eyes had observed port wine within his reach, Jasper started, and, recalled to his recollection, said,

"Mr. Fatlamb, Miss Alabaster."

She bowed to the guest, who nodded to her, and they reseated themselves, as Mr. Fatlamb, looking at the port, said,

"Bn—happy to see you bn—Miss bn—most happy—bn."

It was soon evident why Mr. Fatlamb had been invited. He could possess no attractions for Lucy, and he could talk to her mother, leaving Jasper at liberty to make himself agreeable, or try to do so, with Lucy. He commenced by interrogating her minutely respecting the affair of the morning. She, with a woman's quickness, divined his motive, and answered him with yet more reserve than she had done her mother. His efforts to elicit anything respecting Mat Holyoak quite failed; and he tried to make himself believe that it was but a momentary *rencontre*, which would be quickly forgotten by both parties. But it reminded him that if he was desirous of obtaining a place in Lucy's heart, he had need look sharp about it, especially when he heard his friend say to Mrs. Alabaster, in no *sotto voce* tone, while he was talking to Lucy,

"Bn—your daughter's an exceedingly bn—pretty young lady—bn—a very pretty young lady, indeed—bn. I can't say—bn—I ever saw a prettier young lady in my life—bn—in my life, ma'am—bn."

Mr. Fatlamb's nasal catch did not render his praise any the less important in Jasper's ears, because he knew that such remarks were very uncommon on the part of his friend, and, therefore, Lucy's beauty could be of no common order. He longed to speak to her respecting his own strong predilection—that was his own word—for her, but, at the same time, he wished much, before he did so, to obtain some power over her; so that, by attacking her through her fears for the happiness of the one dearest to her, he might lead her to look upon him as the sole arbiter of her fate.

He was quite sure, from what had only occurred that day, that he must make a movement, and he determined to speak alone to her on the condition of her mother, to point out the possible evils that might befall her, and to elicit how far she was prepared to make a personal sacrifice for her mother's safety and happiness.

His opportunity arrived in a manner unexpected by him. The moon rose early; and as its beams began to penetrate the window-panes, Mr. Fatlamb, having satisfied himself with dinner and fruit, and being well-soaked in port, felt he could smoke. He proposed a cigar in the garden.

Jasper Olive caught at the suggestion. He did not smoke himself, but he offered to escort the ladies. Mrs. Alabaster promptly assented, for the night was so lovely, that even Lucy could make no excuse; and before five minutes had elapsed, Mr. Fatlamb and Mrs. Alabaster, arm-in-arm, were walking together, and Jasper and Lucy side by side, but not arm-in-arm, slowly paced the garden.

Glancing at her face beneath his slanting brows, Jasper said in a low tone,

"Your mother is in better spirits than she has [been of late, Miss Alabaster."

"It is the excitement, sir, of endeavoring to render the visit of your guest agreeable to him," replied Lucy, with a sad look at her mother.

"I believe it," he returned; "and I take it as a compliment to me, for which I am grateful to her. Poor Mrs. Alabaster! I hope you believe I am her friend, Miss Lucy."

"She considers you so, sir," said Lucy, quietly.

"I am desirous of proving to her, and to you, that I am a true and sincere friend." He sighed.

"She is in great danger," he added.

"Sir!" cried Lucy in alarm.

"Hush!" he returned; "I would not have her hear me to-night at least. I have thought it, however, best, after much consideration, to tell you the critical condition in which she stands at this very moment, because, as you are mostly with her, you can warn her if she is about indiscreetly to make movements likely to betray her present residence."

He glanced at Lucy's face—her eyes were on the ground. He could tell that thoughts were thronging through her mind, but what were they?

He went on.

"Scorch and Witherem are enraged at her, not only on account of her removal from Triangle square, but of her removal of her goods as well; and they are resolved to indict her for a conspiracy to defraud Mr. Flight of his money."

"Merciful heaven!" cried Lucy, with affright. "Criminal offence! Conspiracy! Oh, sir, my dear mother was never, never guilty of anything so dreadful. No judge would ever believe such a charge."

"My dear Miss Lucy," he said in a sleek tone, "I believe your mother to be wholly innocent of any such infamous action; but we have to prove her so. In the meantime, if she is captured, she will be imprisoned in Newgate, and tried as a felon."

"Oh horror!"

"Possibly—if found guilty—there is no telling what juries do—be transported for life," he said, glancing at her distracted features under his eyelids.

"But, sir, there must be some means of avoiding so dreadful a situation," exclaimed Lucy, earnestly.

"There is!" he exclaimed emphatically.

"You know it, pray reveal it, why not act upon it at once?" she exclaimed, quickly.

"All will depend upon you," he hissed rather than whispered in her ear. "I can save your mother—or I can destroy her—through me you can save or destroy her."

Lucy fell back aghast; her face, pale as death, yet whiter as the moonbeams fell upon it, was turned towards him with a look of inexpressible horror.

He read that look—he placed his finger on his lips.

"One word revealed of what I have said to you," he muttered, "and you hand her over to a dreadful and ignominious fate."

He ceased as he observed Mr. Fatlamb and Mrs. Alabaster approaching them.

(To be continued.)

A CHAPTER ON SLANG.

AN English writer has given some instances in a recent work of that remarkable proclivity to slang which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race. He declares that it flourishes most in America and Australia, and gives some curious instances of the former in this passage:

"Their political parties are 'barn-burners,' 'hard-shells,' 'soft-shells,' 'hunkers,' 'locofocos,' 'nigger-drivers,' 'nigger-worshippers'—to quote only a few instances of their Parliamentary nomenclature. With them, to carry a principle to extremes is to 'go the whole hog.' To depart is to 'absquatulate,' or to 'slope off'; to be angry is to be 'fired,' to confound is to 'onfakillie,' to defeat is to 'chaw up,' to apologise is to 'cave,' that is, cry *peccavi*. An individual is called a 'coon,' a dilemma a 'fix,' a general run a 'stampede,' a duel and an assassination are alike termed a 'difficulty.' Clean, in the sense of quite, is expressed by 'sleek,' portentous or prodigious by 'catawampus'—and so on."

We need hardly point out to the intelligent reader how incomplete the list is—he has altogether omitted Mr. Willie's compounds, such as 'avenoodledom,' 'alabaster shelf' for bosom, 'means of getting over the ground' for legs, 'them asses' for the masses. The musical critic of the *Daily Times* has also the honor of introducing 'rendition' into musical science—while the Napoleon of the Press has immortalised the higher orders of our republic as the 'codfish aristocracy.' "Upper Tendon" is the gigantic contribution of Greeley to the new language—but our space compels us to "simmer down," which elegant phrase is supposed to emanate from the theological jaws of the Rev. H. W. Beecher. We therefore introduce our readers to Australian idioms:

"There are in Sydney 5000 public-houses, vast and resplendent as the London temples of spirits-worship. So the liquor interest is

large; and it has created a language of its own. Therein, to pay for another person's drink is to 'stand,' to 'shout,' to 'sacrifice.' A measure of a certain capacity is denominated a 'nobbler' or a 'break-down.' In this dialect, ginger-beer and brandy mixed are named a 'stone fence,' lemonade and brandy a 'spider,' brandy, bitters and sugar a 'cocktail,' ice, brandy and water a 'smash,' brandy, sugar and peppermint a 'julep,' claret, sugar and orange a 'Catharine Hayes,' port, sugar and nutmeg a 'Madame Bishop' (this is irreverent, and betrays the spirit of dissent); old Tom, ginger, lemon and hot water—gin punch, in fact, *plus* ginger—a 'Lola Montes'; half a glass of sherry is a 'sensation,' a glass of gin and bitters a 'constitutional,' peppermint or cloves a 'maiden,' and lemon-syrup a 'band of hope.' Food has also its slang vocabulary; bread and cheese being known by the equivalents 'roll and rind,' and salad being, by a profane and not pleasantly suggestive figure of speech, personified under the name of 'Nebuchadnezzar.'

"On taking a broader view of society, we shall find that the use of slang is not confined to thieves and ruffians. Read the *Court Circular* and fashionable intelligence of the journals which circulate among our aristocracy. There you will find an evening assembly called a *soirée*; a tea-party attended with dancing, a *the dancant*; a meat breakfast, a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. In an account of a grand dinner, the victuals is described by similar slang, that is to say French slang, phrases; cutlets named *à la Maintenon*, or *à la Soubise*, which is just the same slang as a 'Madame Bishop' or a 'Catharine Hayes'; toad-in-the-hole called *vol-au-vent*; this dish *à la jardinière*, that *à la financière*, and the like; phrases equally slang with 'jemmy' used as synonymous with sheep's head, or 'trimmings' as signifying the vegetables which ordinarily accompany a leg of mutton. Nor is a special slang distinctive of merely frivolous gentility. Take not only the world of fashion, but also the serious community. That, too, has a slang of its own. Its straight-haired melancholy and maudlin members call every trifling calamity which befalls them a 'trial.' Instead of devout they say 'prayerful'; for attending a minister's chapel, 'sitting under him.' The chapel itself they sometimes speak of as their 'Ebenezer.' They term an advantage a 'privilege'; a fit of fanaticism an 'experience'; and for an exposure of hypocritical rascality which plain-spoken people would pronounce disgusting, the word in the sanctified slang-dictionaries is 'painful.'"

CELEBRATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF TEXAS.

SOME TIME since we gave in these columns a descriptive account of the thriving city of San Antonio, in Texas (an article which, we are assured, created at the time a marked sensation in that part of the Union), and we have just received from a friend of our paper in that city an interesting report of the celebration held there on the anniversary of the Texan Fourth of July. The letter of our correspondent we herewith append:

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, March 4th, 1859.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—The light was yet glimmering obscurely in the east on the morning of the 2d of March, when the deep, thundering tones of the cannon startled the citizens of San Antonio from their slumbers. Some among them there were who had to inquire the meaning of these unusual sounds, but the majority of the inhabitants, and more especially the veterans of '36, were fully alive to the importance and significance of the day. To the minds of these latter the booming of those cannon recalled the thrilling events which had marked the Texan struggle for Independence: first rises before their imaginations the low, defaced and time-worn walls of the old Alamo—a blood-stained monument to the memory of Crockett, Bowie, Travis, and that small band of brave spirits who died that their country might be free; next, the slaughter-house at Goliad, where the gallant Fernin and his men, to the number of six hundred, after capitulating to Santa Anna, were shot down like so many dogs; and last, the glorious field of San Jacinto—the Lone Star of Texas now in the ascendancy, the Mexicans, pale and terror-stricken, flying for their lives before the avenging cry, "Remember the Alamo!" And a smile of exultation beams forth from the hardy features of the old veteran as he again beholds the cringing, culprit form of the faithless Santa Anna surrounded by a fearless band of his former comrades. But he will not suffer his mind to long dwell upon these things that have passed, the realities of the present engage his attention, and he devoutly thanks his God that he has been spared to see another anniversary, so sacred to all Texans.

Let us go forth with him into the gay streets of San Antonio, to see what has been done and is doing to celebrate this glorious day. The places of business have all been closed by request of our patriotic and public-spirited Mayor. The Grand Plaza is thronged with citizens attired in their holiday dresses. Reclining in their richly gilded carriages, the ladies (God bless them!) look like so many expanded silk and satin balloons; they are attended by their beaux upon prancing ponies, gaily caparisoned in the Mexico-Texan style. The Alamo Rifles are now going through their evolutions previous to taking up their march for the old Alamo. The officers of the United States army, the old Texans of the Republic, the fire companies and citizens, all join in the procession, which is accompanied by a fine band of music. As they leave the main Plaza, the old bullet-riddled flag of San Jacinto, fluttering in the wind from the top of Mr. J. Carlon's auction-room, seems to wave to them a mournful adieu. At the Alamo a high platform had been erected, from which the folds of the Lone Star flag were pendant; and, overshadowing all, waved from the top of the Alamo the Stars and Stripes, emblem of our common country's extension.

The declaration of the independence of Texas was made by one of our oldest citizens, Mr. Maverick, in a clear, firm voice, amidst the cheers of the people. A salute of thirteen guns was then fired, and an oration delivered by Judge Hewitt. The orator was frequently cheered, notably so when he alluded in complimentary terms to the conduct of Don Antonio Navarro and Captain Manchaca, two among that small number of Mexicans who stood side by side with the Americans in their contest for freedom. These gentlemen were present on the occasion. A song, composed by an officer of the army, on the fate of the Alamo, and set to the air of the "Marsellaise Hymn," was then sung, and the immense concourse of civilians and soldiers returned to the Grand Plaza of San Antonio, where the military were dismissed, and the martial spectacle of the day was over.

M.

Terrible Accident in Philadelphia.—About nine o'clock on Tuesday, while the workmen were engaged in pulling down Turner Hall, on Walnut street, north of Allison, the joists of the second ceiling on which they stood gave way, and they were all precipitated to the floor beneath. Their weight carried the next with them, and they were again precipitated to the ground floor, buried in a mass of rubbish.

Directly beneath the spot where the accident occurred, four men were at work upon the ground floor. They heard the first crash, and two of them had the presence of mind to get out of the way. The other two remained. One received the full force of the falling ruins, and the other was struck by the falling timbers.

The crash immediately brought a large crowd to the spot. The four men who fell from the roof were helped out, and, strange to say, not one of them had a bone broken. Of the two who were caught below, one escaped with severe but not dangerous injuries; his head was cut in two or three places, and his flesh torn on the back. The other was not so fortunate, he was insensible when taken out of the ruins, and scarcely breathed. His head and face were terribly cut and several of his limbs crushed. His injuries are considered fatal.

Death from Hydrophobia.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* announces the death of Mr. Joseph Wright from that most horrible cause. Some six weeks before he had been bitten in the arm by his favorite dog. This he thought nothing of, till a few days since he felt such excruciating pain in his shoulder that he went to a physician, who gave him a lotion. The pain extending to the whole of his body and several suspicious symptoms appearing, the medical man declared to the unhappy man the deadly nature of his malady. He raved at times, and tore his hair and flesh, and foamed at the mouth and screamed like a demon, presenting a sight terrible to behold. It was necessary to bind him to the bed to prevent him from committing violence upon himself, and often, in his exquisite misery, he prayed to be killed at once and relieved of his agony. The sight of water, or the mention of the term, threw him into spasms, and he fell trembling and groaning upon the floor. Those who witnessed the poor man's madness say they never knew before how supremely wretched man may be; it was awful to contemplate, and would have startled and horrified the dulllest and most unimpressionable nature. At last death came, in mercy, and touched him with the hand of eternal stillness. Nature was exhausted, and he expired about eleven o'clock night before last. Wright was a young man, a moulder by profession, and had been married but one year. He leaves a wife with an infant child.



WRECK OF THE SHIP ADONIS, AT LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

LONG BRANCH WRECK.

We this week present drawings illustrative of the wreck of the ship Adonis, of Bremen, bound for New York, which went ashore on the night of the 7th inst. As soon as the intelligence was reported to Mr. Green, the station-keeper, he collected his crew and immediately repaired to the beach. The surf boat was immediately launched, the vessel boarded, and the captain safely brought ashore. Captain Bosse insisted upon returning to the ship immediately, but as the wind was rising it was found impossible to do so, as the surf boat filled on the second attempt to launch her.

Mr. Green then endeavored to shoot a line over her, and after a little time succeeded. A larger line was then made fast to the ship, by means of which a hawser was hauled on board and made fast to the main-mast head. The crew quickly made themselves acquainted with the method of hauling the car to and fro upon the hawser, and at the first trip five men entrusted themselves to the frail conveyance, and reached the shore without accident.

The next trip six men placed themselves in the car, but when about thirty yards from the beach, to the horror and consternation of the spectators, the shore end of the line parted and immersed the car and its occupants in the waves. Then there was a universal shout of agony, the men on the beach running to and fro. There was quite a number of ladies present, who, as they looked upon the scene, turned from it with a shudder.

At one moment the car appeared to the anxious gazers on the shore riding on the crest of a huge wave; the next one, it was lost to view in the trough of the sea. But the sturdy crew on shore were not of the nature to allow their fellow-beings to perish before their eyes without an effort being made to rescue them, and, as if actuated by the same mind, they rushed into the surf, and at the imminent hazard of their own lives, succeeded in seizing the car and bringing it, with its load, safely ashore. The hawser was immediately examined, and it was found that the ring bolt in the car, to which the shore end of the line was attached, had given way, and thus the

accident happened. The damage was quickly repaired, and the car again dispatched on its errand of mercy, and soon the remainder of the crew stood with their companions in safety on the shore.

The name of Joseph West and his crew should be written in letters of gold upon the records of the Life Saving Association, nor should this be their only reward. We trust that the authorities will not permit these men, who so nobly hazarded their lives to save others, to find that "Virtue is its own reward."

INUNDATION AT PATCHOQUE, L. I.

A short time ago, the dam confining the waters of a large pond called "Upper Lake," and from which a number of mills are supplied, gave way, and the waters from this rushing into the "Lower Lake," that also burst its boundaries, and allowed the water to rush like a torrent through the village, completely inundating it.

(Continued on page 280.)



HAULING THE LIFE CAR ASHORE THROUGH THE SURF, AND RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE ADONIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



THE INUNDATION AT PATCHOGUE, LONG ISLAND.—CARRYING AWAY OF PART OF THE COTTON MILL BY THE FLOOD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF PATCHOGUE.—DEMOLISHMENT OF THE HOUSES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



SCENE IN THE REDCHAMBER OF MR. GING, PATCHOGUE, AND PERILOUS POSITION OF THE INMATES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

INUNDATION AT PATCHOQUE, L. I.

(Continued from page 278.)

One of the first houses exposed to the invading element was that of Mr. Ging. As the accident happened very early in the morning Mr. Ging and his family were still in bed, and on being awakened by the rushing of the water was much alarmed, but managed to escape with his family, only in their nightclothes, to some higher ground. To gain this place of refuge they were compelled to wade through a swift current, waist deep, but, after some difficulty, placed themselves out of danger. Everything movable in their house was carried away, and all their provisions were destroyed.

The house occupied by Mr. Palmer, and known as the Albion Hotel, was the next to experience the calamity. They also were asleep, and when awakened found the water standing ankle-deep in their bed-room, which so terrified them that they immediately rushed out of the house, and were carried away by the force of the stream, but fortunately drifting by a tree, they took refuge in its branches. Their children, whom they had left in the house, sustained no injury whatever.

Some families, who did not find out their danger early, were forced to remain in the highest rooms, and even there were obliged to take refuge on the beds and other articles of furniture, the water sometimes coming breast high. We have engraved one of these scenes, which has, notwithstanding the danger and discomfort, a certain air of grotesque comicality.

The machinery belonging to the cotton mill of Brewster Woodhull sustained a good deal of damage, and wheels with heavy iron shafts were floated off some distance. One machine on the lower floor floated off, and was subsequently found in a field adjoining. The bridges and aqueducts in the vicinity were all torn up and carried away. A large willow tree was wrenched up by the roots and landed half a mile from its former position, where it is likely to grow again as if nothing had happened to it.

The amount of damage was at first estimated at \$30,000, and it was thought that many persons would be thrown out of employment, but this is found not to be the case. It is a curious fact that this same dam broke down about fifty years ago.

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Rome—Temple of Vesta, students of the Propaganda, General View of Rome, Farnese Palace, Castle of St. Angelo, St. John Lateran, the Ancient Forum, Arch of Drusus, Arch of Titus, French Academy, Monte Cavallo, Piazza del Popolo.
Crabs and their Enemies—Climbing Crab, Crab-Eating Snail.
The Gipsy Sisters of Seville.
Curious Walking Sticks.
Hogarth's Tomb.
The Late Mr. Prescott.
Signs of Spring—White Linnet's Nest, Nestling Chaffinch, Nestling Sparrow, Field-Fare, Hedge Warbler, Ring Ousel.
American Watch Manufacture—Watch and Chain presented to Frank Leslie.
Comic Page—Human Arithmetic: Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, A Vulgar Fraction, A Single Fraction.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1889.

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The War Question in Europe.

STEP by step the European Powers seem to be slowly taking up their positions in the great game which Louis Napoleon appears determined to force upon Austria. For the first time in centuries the course of England is undefined, her hereditary antipathy to France being neutralized by the fact that its Emperor has assumed the very ground which England occupied in 1849, coupled with the reflection that ever since the Hungarian revolt, Austria has been personally offensive to every liberal-minded Englishman. On the other hand, the statesmen of Great Britain can never regard with indifference the crippling of a power which, in all her Continental wars, has been her most efficient counterpoise to the military preponderance of France. However repugnant to the liberal sympathies of England the tyranny of Austria may be, the supremacy of Great Britain can never be perilled by her, even though she were the Dictator of the Continent, while the undue aggrandisement of France has been well termed a standing menace to England. Thus between the *principles of liberty* and her own *self-interest* England is placed in a moral dilemma, her action being reduced, at the best, to a choice of evils; for if she sides with Austria she perpetuates the oppression of Italy and loses her hold upon liberal Europe; and if she goes against her, she increases the already dangerous power of France. Hence Lord Derby's strenuous efforts to postpone the crisis, well knowing that a war between France and Austria cannot fail to implicate the German Powers, and, finally, England herself. With regard to Austria, we do not consider her situation so desperate as our contemporaries of the press generally do. For however sore Russia may be at her equivocal and ungrateful conduct in the Crimean war, the Czar must feel, with the keen instinct of jealousy, that *his military rival is France*. He must also see the danger of driving Austria into a desperate policy, since she might play the game of freedom against Russia in Poland, which France is playing against Austria in Italy. But after all, the strongest allies the house of Hapsburg has, are to be found in the well-grounded dread which the whole of Germany has of unchaining the military demon of France, and the growing conviction in the English mind that the predominance of their old rival is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the existence of commercial prosperity. Should, therefore, Austria display her usual diplomatic cunning, she may yet foil the designs of a man who has been happily designated the Modern Sphinx.

The Independent Police.

It may not be known to all that in most large cities of this country there are men who, singly or in bodies, act under the title of independent policemen. It will naturally be asked how this can be, when by statute law it is made a misdemeanor to personate a policeman. Of the legal disability of any citizen to act as an officer for his own profit, we have no doubt, though it is not of the legality of the matter we would speak. It is simply that such things exist whether they be lawful or not, and are naturally abuses that should only be classed among the evils and swindles of a great city, in the same list as mock auctioneers, pocket-book droppers, and professional thieves generally.

These independent policemen, whether they be single or in organization, can be formed but for one end—that end is pecuniary profit or individual oppression. It will require but a moment's thought to see what a dangerous power is here placed in the hands of men who are utterly irresponsible, even supposing they were morally honest; and that the latter point may be set at rest for ever, we have only to mention that nine-tenths of these independent policemen are discharged men from the regular corps. If, therefore, they are not fit for the position they have

left, can there be any other, even where they might chance to be entrusted with a pint of water, that they are fitted to fill? We talk of the dishonesty of the legal profession, and how dangerous is a lawyer when disposed to do wrong: this has passed into a proverb; but how small is the lawyer's power to injure compared to the man who openly sets up as an independent policeman! To whom is he responsible? What tribunal calls him to account for his misdoings? His only study is how he shall extort the most, and avoid the law. To accomplish this one end this only is necessary: there must be no witnesses; this in view, he has a mine, to which those of Peru are but dust-holes. His greatest windfall is the real or suspected rogue, who has money, especially if he be unversed in police matters. It is such victims as these, who are not only depleted, but may consider themselves more than lucky should they escape with their skin.

Shall we have no sympathy with our fellow-man because he has committed an error or a crime? For this must we deliver him over to these worse than hyenas? Can we not feel that if he is guilty, the law assigns his punishment, which he would assuredly get if these, and such as these, stood not between, making it a mere matter of dollars and cents, whether he is punished or not. Be he ever so guilty he escapes if he pays—or, be he ever so innocent, he is punished if he is poor. It has come to this, and how? By the lower officials constituting themselves courts of final adjudication, and bargaining alike with the innocent and the guilty for the non-exposure. Were we certain that all this fell alone on the guilty, it would still be worth every honest man's while to call aloud for its suppression. But it is not so. The man whose reputation is unblemished will pay these harpies, rather than suffer an accusation, where he knows it amounts to the same as guilt. The busy public have not time to inquire—it is enough for them to know that such a tale has been told; they enjoy the slander equally, be it true or false. Can we, therefore, blame poor, weak human nature, if it suffers black-mail rather than rebut false accusation? It is this weakness that forms a large part of the success of the independent policeman. The balance being made up of the fees they receive from the robbed or swindled, as a retainer, in the vain hope that they can find in these men superior sagacity, industry, honesty, or something which they have failed to find in the regular department.

And as unlikely as the assertion may seem, these men, vagrants as they are esteemed by the regulars, are frequently called in by these very regulars, to do the work they have not the nerve, or for some cause are afraid to perform. Willing and able tools in any matter requiring recklessness, because there is utter irresponsibility. Are such things necessary in a proper state of the police department? Are independent policemen necessary if the regular force is efficient? Would they be called for? No! Take it in any light, the permission accorded to any man to act as a detective is fraught with danger. But when this power is coupled with that of making arrests, and settling crime, or suspicion, it is an outrage upon our feeling of sovereignty, that cannot for a moment be regarded as less than crime in itself.

At the present time when we are talking of a reform among our regular police, let the public voice imperatively demand the total abolition of that iniquitous inquisition known as the independent police.

Picturephobia, the New Epidemic.

THAT eccentric spirit which possessed the pigs of the Gergesenes has evidently, for want of nobler animals, got into some members of the press, and as those far-famed porkers of the first century rushed madly into the sea and were drowned, so do these gentlemen of the quill—the porcupines of the nineteenth century—rush madly into ink and make themselves ridiculous. Indeed, we think the porkers of Scripture were more rational than the porcupines of scribbling. Dickens ascribed the violence of Oliver Twist to the revolutionary influence of too much meat, and Festus attributed the madness of Paul to too much learning. In like manner we regard the new epidemic that has broken out among sundry great New York authors, as the unhappy result of too much pork and beans. At all events, we are quite certain it does not proceed from the same cause that disagreed with St. Paul. But whatever has been its origin, the symptoms are patent to all.

As a mad bull has a special horror of red cloth, so have the unhappy victims of this distressing malady a horror of pictures. The N. Y. *Dispatch* feels as much agony at the sight of a spirited illustration, as the man who has been bitten by a mad dog does at the sight of Niagara. In its paroxysms it calls upon all *parients* to take home to their virtuous homes only pictures of moonbeams and starlight and other inanities. Indeed, its love for sunbeams almost elevates its nature to that of the cucumber.

The *Daily Times* has also been sickening for the same mild kind of measles, running over at the eyes at the sight of a Feejean Delmonico, with other painful evidences of water on the brain. We are happy, however, to add, that it is now nearly convalescent. A little water gruel, and putting its dear little feet into warm water, will, we are assured by that eminent medical man, Dr. Sangrado, complete the cure.

Last week the little dears of the *Tribune* were all down with the same malady—symptoms somewhat different—less physical suffering, but more delirium. In some of these raving fits they fancied they were old women riding in railroad cars, and wrapping their dirty india-rubbers up in pretty pictures, just as though their own paper was not made expressly for that useful purpose.

Even the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* caught the infection, and blubbered like a young whale over the enormity of certain Sunday papers making the woodcuts of an antediluvian generation serve to illustrate the events of yesterday. It is certainly a trifle out of date that a photograph of Nosh should do duty as an exact likeness of Philip Barton Key, taken expressly for the *Sunday Courier*, and that one of Jacob should be palmed off on a credulous public for Mike Walsh, by the musical critic of the *Dispatch*, saying nothing of his daring attempt to substitute an ambrotype of Lucretia for Mrs. Sickles!

Having said thus much about others, let us now say a few words for ourselves. When we commenced our Illustrated Paper we resolved to supply a want long felt by the public—and that was to give to the United States of America a weekly record

of events, which, while it rivalled the artistic excellence of the London *Illustrated News*, and the *Illustration de Paris*, should infinitely exceed those far-famed publications in completeness of news and literary excellence. We determined, in short, to produce an illustrated history of the times worthy the most rapid and critical people existing. Our efforts have been crowned with the most triumphant success—we have now reached a circulation four times that of the *Herald*, and, with one exception, equal to all the other papers combined.

The dry details of the telegraph becomes a living fact beneath the pencils of our artists. The text of the journalist resembles the dull unlit paper firework in the frame—our illustrations light it up, and immediately the public attention is aroused into action.

The poet has in a few graphic lines admirably portrayed the difference:

The poet dreams—the shadow flies,
And falling fast the image dies,
But ah! the painter's magic force
Arrests the vision's fleeting course—
It moves—it breathes—a thing of life,
To stir the heart to love or strife.

But we must drop metaphor, and descend to the fact, which is, that *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* is the only one whose sketches can be relied on. We do not depend upon the accidental transmission of photographs, with their corpse-like literalness, but upon our own special artists, who being upon the spot, give us living pictures of every incident of interest. These have a *carte blanche* from us as to expense, with instructions to follow up to its source every particular calculated to satisfy the public curiosity.

The cuckoo cry made against us that we excite the public sympathies too far is puerile—every newspaper does this to the best of its ability. The proprietors of the daily and weekly papers employ the most powerful writers they can find to prepare the matter for their columns, and create a certain kind of feeble interest. We bring our artists to the rescue, and wrongs, crimes, and carelessnesses, which would otherwise have slept for ever unredressed, if exposed only in the columns of the Press, when illustrated in ours rouse the whole community to action.

But these things are apparent to all. We merely repeat them as a matter of form, in reply to those silly or knavish men, who, either the friends or hirelings of public abuses or national wrongs, are unwilling that we should do with our graphic pencil what the drowsy pens of other journalists have hitherto failed to accomplish.

Personal.

THE Rochester *Union* suggests an amendment to Senator Ely's bill "excusing the editor from penal responsibilities when he labors on the defensive, unless his miserable foe is knocked into an irrecoverable jelly, and the wind utterly and for ever expelled from his presumptuous carcass. So amended, it would leave a clean field and open new avenues for ambitious editors to the high seats of notoriety and consideration."

PARSON BROWNLOW'S famous libel suits with the Patersons, in Tennessee, have all resulted in his triumphant acquittal.

THE Portland *Transcript* says that a young man in Troy, who wrote to Horace Greeley, requesting his autograph, received the following reply:

"Young man, you can be in better business than in sending for anybody's autograph."
H. GREELEY.

THE proceedings in the case of Yates vs. The Garrick Club, arising out of the difficulty between Mr. Yates and Mr. Thackeray, are abandoned. Mr. Yates is about to publish a pamphlet giving his version of the affair.

ON a Sunday evening, during divine service at the Worcester Music Hall, Sheffield, England, when the Rev. Dr. Hurdall uttered the words, "Forbid that we should choose darkness rather than light," down went the gas to a faint glimmer; then it rose again and went down two or three times, till it went out entirely. Shortly after the hall was satisfactorily lighted up again, and the service proceeded.

GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS, the American song writer *par excellence*, has been appointed by the President to the post of Consul at Havre.

THE Governor of Missouri, who was recently whipped in a rough and tumble fight, is said to have wound up a grand spree the other day by riding his horse into his own parlor, and trying his fore feet on the keys of the piano.

A COUPLE of stage-struck boys, sixteen and seventeen years of age, and students at Harvard College, ran away from Boston and gave a "reading" in Albany. Their audience consisted of thirty persons. At the end, they were arrested by the police, at the instance of their parents. The boys were taken back to Boston.

AMONG the *dramatis personæ* of "Dinorah," M. Meyerbeer's new opera, are two goats, whose insubordinate behavior has seriously retarded the rehearsals.

AMBITIOUS.—The wife of General Miramon, who has lately become President of Mexico, notified her husband—a young man of twenty-seven years—that he must fight his way into the Presidential chair, or she would not live with him.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, author of "Tom Brown's School-days," and more recently of "The Scouring of the White Horse," is a Chancery barrister, and one of the late Mr. Arnold's pupils at Rugby.

THE "GREAT UNKNOWN" REDIVIVUS.—A gentleman who bears the illustrious name of Walter Scott, delivered a lecture here last Wednesday, on "The Battle of Life."

GENERAL SAMUEL HOUSTON says that he intends spending the remainder of his life in privacy, peace and whittling, among the sheep on his rancho in Texas, having had quite enough to do with the "goats and wolves" at Washington.

"THE" WALLACK, on the occasion of Mr. John Brougham's Benefit, Tuesday of last week, was presented with a magnificent silver *epervire*, nearly two feet in height, and crowned with an immense bouquet of exotic flowers. On one side of the vase is Mr. Wallack's coat of arms, with the motto, in Latin, "The heart and hand agree;" and this inscription:

"Presented to James W. Wallack, Esq., by the Ladies and Gentleman connected with his theatre, in consideration of the very long years he has labored to uphold the Drama, and also as a mark of esteem for the kindly regard he has always evinced toward the company, and for the honorable manner in which he has, under every vicissitude, fulfilled his engagement."

On the other side is a fine medallion of Shakespeare, beneath which are the names of the donors, headed by John Brougham and modestly concluded by Lester Wallack. The list embraces every person permanently connected with the house. Around the pedestal is: "They well deserve to have, that know the strongest and surest way to get. Well you deserve."

The whole affair was one which reflected much credit upon all concerned.

BRIGNOLI'S LOVE-LETTERS.—"Jenny June," who writes in *The Democratic Standard* at Rockford, Ill., is very severe upon Brignoli, the handsome tenor of the Italian opera, because "it is said that in every city he has received not less than one hundred letters, expressing every degree of admiration and sentimental attachment." Jenny June describes this hero of one hundred love-letters as "only

a conceited jackanapes, with a square face, shockingly careless, and negligent as a singer, stiff and ungraceful as an actor, and in personal appearance could not bear comparison with any ordinary American gentleman." At first, she says, he tried to answer these extraordinary epistles, but "now he only looks at them with the air of Don Juan, and adds them to his collection." Finally, the question forces itself on the unsophisticated mind, how Miss Jennie June of Rockford, Ill., knows so much on this subject!

QUEER PLACE FOR A POET.—A correspondent of the New Haven *Journal* says that Walt Whitman, the poet, drives No. 22 of the Broadway and Forty-second street omnibuses.

We hardly think this is a fact, but we do know that this gloriously independent author is acquainted with nearly every stage driver in the city, and may be seen any afternoon, at five o'clock, riding up town on top of a Broadway omnibus. He lives in Fortieth street, near Broadway, and we have never known him, no matter what the state of the weather might be, to ride anywhere but on the box with the driver. The New York *Picayune* of last week described him as a "rough-coated, loose-trowered, no-vested, blue cotton-shirted, thick-booted person, whom you would rather suppose to be the captain of a clam boat than the author of 'Leaves of Grass.' He is 'a kosmos' and a loafer. He is proud of the name. He 'loafs' for a living, and seems to thrive on it."

THE *Propagateur Catholique* learns that Gen. Walker is about to enter a religious order and become a Catholic priest. We hope it is true. Unless his looks belie him, a very harmless person was spoiled when he undertook to be a soldier.

A GRAND-DAUGHTER of the late Thomas H. Benton was married at Calcutta on the 20th of December.

LITERARY DOINGS IN BOSTON.—The Boston correspondent of the *Tribune*, in a recent letter, has the following items about literary celebrities in the American Athens:

"Phillips, Sampson & Co. are going to publish a novel called 'Sea-Cliff,' by J. W. De Forest. Mr. F. H. Underwood has returned to their establishment, and will be again connected with the management of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is now looked upon by the Bostonians as one of their established institutions. The article on Agrarianism in the April number is by C. C. Hazewell; Odds and Ends from the Old World, by Dr. Antonio; Drifting, by T. Buchanan Read; the Utah Expedition, by Albert G. Browne, jun."

"Mr. Whipple's lectures at the Lowell Institute are fully attended, and are regarded by his friends as the best things he has achieved. Mr. Emerson comes this week, when I hope that Freeman Place Chapel will be filled with a quiet and appreciative company of listeners, like that which he usually brings out."

BALFE's opera of the "Rose of Castile" has lately been produced at Berlin with great success.

COLEMAN, formerly of the Astor House, will assume the management of the International Hotel at Niagara Falls this spring.

DICKENS's "House to Let" has been dramatised, and is being played at a theatre in London.

MATINEE DANSANTE.—We are requested to announce that Mr. E. Ferrero, the popular dancing master, designs giving a grand entertainment, a *matinée dansante*, at the Academy of Music, some time in the latter part of April or during the first week in May. To meet the expense attending such an entertainment, Mr. Ferrero proposes that cards be disposed of by his pupils to their friends, the price to be one dollar each. The affair is to be strictly private, the same as if given at Mr. F.'s own academy. All who desire to aid in this matter will oblige those concerned by sending in their names at once, to enable the manager to decide whether the thing can be accomplished or no. Mr. Ferrero's address is 59 West Fourteenth street.

PARISIAN PEARLS.

Dis-Oystered from the late French Journals.

AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.—Here is a bit of child-philosophy which has an air of sad profundity about it:

Some one was showing to a little boy a beautiful doll, newly imported from the great toy mart of Germany, and designed as a present to the daughter of a rich manufacturer:

"See here, my boy," said the holder of the doll, "look at this nice little lady; how good she is! she never cries, as you do."

"Oh!" replied the child, with a thoughtful look upward at his interlocutor, that's because she isn't alive. I know that she would cry if she were alive."

HOW A FRENCH EDITOR CAME OUT OF A DUEL.—One of the editors of *Figaro*, Charles Monselet, lately received a formal challenge from M. de Foy, the Parisian marriage-broker, who, it appears, conceived himself much aggrieved by some strictures of the journalist upon his vocation. Infinitely more concise than his advertisements, the letter of M. de Foy contained but these words: "Votre heure? Vos témoins?" ("Your hour? Your seconds?")

Now the word *témoins*, in French, is susceptible of two meanings; it may either signify "seconds," the sense in which it was employed by the enraged dealer in matrimony, or it may imply the groomsmen at a wedding. This susceptibility of double meaning was at once seized upon by the witty journalist, who wrote beneath the furious challenge of his adversary these words, the only answer he ever designed to return: "Why do you annoy me by asking me to name my groomsmen (*témoins*)? I do not wish to get married!"

The marriage-jobber saw that this construction gave to his challenge a smell of the shop, and was wise enough to let the matter rest there.

WINE AN INCITEMENT TO REMAIN IN PURGATORY.—The sexton of a church in a Belgian village received, a short time since, the visit of a peasant who came to ask of the priest a mass for the repose of the soul of his dead father.

The sexton was eating dinner at the time, and he invited the peasant (who had put down his one franc-piece, the price of a mass, on the table beforehand), to join him.

The sexton offered a glass of wine to his visitor, saying, jestingly, as he did so:

"This is the sort of wine they drink in purgatory. How do you like it?"

"It is good, very good indeed," said the peasant, and, as he thus made answer, he picked up the franc-piece from the table and put it back into his pocket again.

"Eh! eh! what do you mean by that?" asked the sexton, who had viewed in wonder this performance of his guest.

"Mean? I mean that I am taking back my money, that's all! If they drink as good wine as that in purgatory, my father is a great deal better off than I am. It would be treating him very cruelly to pay for a mass to get him out of such good quarters. I hope that he will stay there as long as he possibly can."

And, putting on his hat, the peasant walked out, to the no small chagrin of the sexton, whose joke had received, by this peculiarly unfortunate circumstance, an unexpected shade of seriousness.

A POST-MORTEM SUBSCRIBER.—In a village in Galicia, a certain professor, lately deceased, has set apart in his will the necessary funds for the perpetual subscription to the two newspapers of the country, which are to be sent to the district library and there held subject to the reading of all the inhabitants.

It is just possible, we think, that this never-failing appropriation may last longer than the two papers in question, but since the birth of journalism this is perhaps the only instance of posthumous sympathy that it has excited.

SHALL WE HAVE WAR OR PEACE?—At the present juncture of European affairs, the following circumstance, which lately occurred at Paris, carries with it a certain amount of political significance:

The Emperor and Empress both attended the masked ball given by M. Fould, on the 28th of February, in the *salon* of the Minister of State. Their Majesties disguised themselves in dominoes, and took much delight in mystifying such few people as did not recognize them, or who pretended not to recognize them. At the height of the festivities two ladies appeared on the floor, one of whom represented Peace, and the other War. The first presented its traditional olive-branch to the Princess Mathilde, who replied thus, "I accept it with pleasure, but I cannot answer for anything." War offered her lance to a brave general, who, accepted it, saying, "Fighting is my trade, to be sure, but one swallow does not make a summer."

ASTONISHING ONE'S GUESTS.—Alphonse Karr, in the following excerpt, which we translate, administers a just rebuke upon a certain sort of mock hospitality unhappily too much in vogue in the "age we live in," he says:

"How many people there are who in inviting you to dinner think less of being agreeable to their guests, than of dazzling them with the opulence of their mansions! caring rather to astonish them than to entertain them generously. Such people attach immense importance to the early spring vegetables with which they invariably strive to adorn their tables; to them a dish of premature peaches is a god-send in view of the opportunity it gives them to impress upon the minds of their guests the momentous fact. Many are there who, in giving you the earliest green peas in the market, have evidently no other intention than that of showing you dear peas."

THE DOUBLE SENSATION IN HAPPINESS.—All happiness is composed of two sad sensations—the remembrance of the privation of it in the past, and the fear of losing it in the future.

JOY INEXPRESSIBLE.—In the time of Louis Philippe, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans was travelling through France, the mayor of a little village through which he passed thought it his bounden duty to deliver a speech on the occasion, but, as with most other official undertakings, the beginning was more successful than the end thereof.

"My lord," said he, "my lord, the joy—that is to say, the satisfaction. No, I was right—the joy that I feel, or rather that I experience in seeing you here among us is so great, so great—hem!—so great—so—"

"That you cannot express it, Monsieur le Maire," said the prince, rendering him an ambiguous assistance.

The embarrassed functionary bowed assent, and wisely concluded to let that be the limit of his discourse.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.—Here we have the last Parisian story arising from a provincial visit to the capital. The scene is one late occurrence:

Two peasants are standing before the plate-glass window of a fashionable hatter in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. Their whole ecstatic attention is centred upon a newly-patented invention—a hat having inside its crown a small round looking-glass.

First peasant (*log.*)—"I wonder what they put a looking-glass inside of that hat for?"

Second peasant (with an air of superior intelligence)—"Why, can't you see, stupid? It's so that the man who buys the hat can see how it looks on him, of course!"

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS AT PARIS.—It is known that this troupe, under the management of Mr. Mitchell, have but recently created quite a sensation in the French capital. Having given representations before the Emperor and Empress, they are, of course, in fashionable vogue. M. Fiorentino, of the *Constitutionnel*, next to Janin, the most celebrated of French dramatic critics, attended one of their performances, and writes a very clever *feuilleton* thereupon. Their serious songs he did not quite understand, their "breakdowns" put him in ecstasies, and of the burlesque Julien Concert he thus admiringly writes:

"But the greatest of all their comicalities was the wonderfully faithful imitation of Julien's concert. Who doesn't know Julien? He it was who, during his travels in America, caused the map of the New World to be embroidered upon his shirt bosom, and had the names of the principal cities of the Union engraved upon his vest buttons. He is the Barnum of Orchestra leaders, and the orchestra leader of Barnums!"

"I don't know how it was managed, but certain it is that these funny dogs have in their company an individual who is as like Julien as two peas are like each other. The same height, the same breadth, same broad and jolly face set in a frame of black whiskers, same white cravat, with its long ends sticking out like the cross piece of a telegraph post. The concert begins, and so does the leader—a real black Julien—to wave his baton, conduct, overlook, scold, coax and push onward his musicians with gesticulations and grimaces enough to make the beholder explode with laughter. While the mock Julien outs these capers before his desk, the artists under his orders perform grotesque solos upon impossible instruments—penny whistles, pewter trumpets, tin funnels and gutta percha cymbals."

"But your surprises are not over yet. A musician leaves the orchestra, and goes behind the scenes in search of a sort of black Malibran, whom he conducts gallantly upon the stage, holding her hand by one finger. The prima donna wears an immense crinoline and a gorgeous glass diadem. She places her hand on her heart, makes her bow to the audience, and leans amorously from the corner of her eye now at the contra-basse, now at the fife, which latter she appears to honor with particular favor. At first everything goes smoothly enough; trills fit to make the most conservative scars start from their spheres, accompanied by provoking roulades, flow from the lips of the colored cantatrice. Little by little, however, the instruments get out of time, the fiddles wander, the horns make frightful blunders. Imagine the terrible glances which the sable Malibran casts upon the wretches who thus abandon her at the decisive moment! Julien, though, does not lose his presence of mind; he does not despair of rallying his disordered troops; he makes desperate signs for the lady to continue, which she obstinately refuses to do, and then the whole affair becomes a scene of confusion irresistibly comic. Everybody in the hall was convulsed with laughter; they laughed in the street, and were still laughing when I reached the Boulevards!"

DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S Theatre.—Hitherto it would have puzzled a con-juror to find words to vary the unalterable record of this popular theatre, for "Our American Cousin" had taken such a firm footing in the family, that there seemed no prospect of ever getting him out. But it has been done, done at last; and now he appears but three nights in the week, while Mr. Blake, who has grown in no ways rusty during his long vacation, delights the people for the remainder of the week in good old-fashioned comedy.

WALLACK'S Theatre.—Mr. Lester Wallack has certainly the merit of having produced the most successful spectacular drama ever witnessed on the boards of a theatre somewhat famous for its successes. Every night it is performed to crowded audiences, and without any diminution of interest. It promises to draw for another two months.

BARNUM'S Museum.—As usual, we have only to chronicle a continued success. The drama of "Gwyneth Vaughan; or, The Fate of a Coquette," is the chief attraction of the afternoon and evening's performance. Mrs. Prior is excellent in her part of Gwyneth, and the dance between Miss Wally and Balle Partington is mightily enjoyed. Mr. Hale and Mr. O'Neill are the favorite actors of this pleasant place.

THEATRE FRANÇAIS.—The past week at this house has been one of unusual attractiveness. No less than seven new pieces have been given during the three nights of representation. "La Corde Sensible" and "Un Figaro de Bengale" on Tuesday; "Le Camp des Bourgeoises" and "La Meunière de Marly" on Thursday; and "Je disais chez ma Mère," "La Dépit Amoureux" and "Le Lait d'Anesse" on Saturday. Of a surely a toothsome bill of fare! "Le Camp des Bourgeoises" of Thursday night we desire to record as the greatest success the company have yet attained here in modern light comedy. This was in a great measure owing to the complete excellence of the cast. Nothing could be more perfect than the dandified fussiness of M. Bertrand in the character of Lajonchère, an ex-notary who forsakes his lovely wife (Mdlle. Pauline Dupont) to run after *une dame aux camélias*, "because it is the fashion." Mdlle. Dupont has never yet, in our eyes, appeared to such striking advantage as in the character of Madame Lajonchère, a rôle in which the indignation of the wife at these *ladies of the demi-monde* only adds a piquancy to the beauty of the woman, for we say it, and we say it boldly, that Mdlle. Pauline is one of the handsomest women that has appeared on a New York stage for a long, long time. Mdlle. Jane Montheaux as Fernande, niece of Madame Lajonchère, acted with her usual quiet naturalness; and M. Charles Delain, the lover of the piece, afforded quite an agreeable relief after the mildly miserable young gentleman who acted in that capacity in "Une Femme qui se jette par la Fenêtre;" we allude to M. Henry W., the only actor in the establishment towards whom we entertain an objection, he being a "stick" of the most undeniable stickiness, and who very properly, out of regard for the feelings of his family, conceals himself in the anonymous.

"La Meunière de Marly" was specially marked by the fine acting of Mdlle. Montheaux and M. Edgard, the latter's Enlising Song being most enthusiastically encored. Next Saturday will be the occasion of a higher dramatic flight than has been yet attempted, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," a comedy in four acts, being announced for that evening.

We understand that it is the design of the subscribers and patrons of the theatre to make manifest their appreciation of the untiring enterprise of its managers, Messrs. Widdows and Sage, by a substantial benefit. The early hour at which we go to press this week prevents a mention of the steps that will probably be taken in the matter before our day of publication; but next week we hope to record not only that this testimonial has taken place, but that it has been a source of both personal and pecuniary gratification.

INTERIOR OF A DIVING BELL—MEN AT WORK.

We give an illustration of the interior of a new machine for carrying on operations under water, which has been lately invented in France. The machine, which is called the Nautilus, is constructed with two separate shells, and is of a cylindrical form with a domed top. Light is conveyed to the interior of the machine by strong plates of glass which are inserted in both outer and inner shells.

The interior of the nautilus is divided into chambers completely separated from one another by plates of iron, and which have air conveyed to them from a reservoir through an ingeniously contrived system of flexible tubes, which are so arranged that the supply of air can be easily regulated by the workmen in each chamber.

This novel engine is intended to act under water, but it can also be made to float on the surface; and when it has risen to the surface, it can be manoeuvred in smooth water with very little more difficulty than an ordinary boat. When it is wished to make the apparatus descend, the engineer enters the machine by a man hole at the top, which he closes, and then turning a tap admits the water into the space between the two shells, and the machine sinks to the bottom by the weight of the water thus introduced into the chambers.

struck the wolf so well aimed a blow, that it compelled him to release the man. Nothing daunted, the brave woman faced the furious beast with such coolness and courage that, after a short struggle, the wolf lay dead at her feet.

The woman then turned to her husband, and vainly endeavored to stop the blood which gushed from his throat. It was all in vain, for the throat was so injured, that, with one look of admiration and love, the unhappy man breathed his last in her arms.

On examination it was found that the fangs of the monster had as completely severed his windpipe as though the throat had been cut with a razor.

APPALLING RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN CANADA.

A most frightful accident happened on the Great Western Railroad of Canada on Saturday, the 19th of March last. It appears that the night express, when between the Flamboro' and Dundas stations, was an hour late, and was proceeding at a great speed to make up time, when the whole train was, without any warning, suddenly precipitated down a chasm nearly twenty feet deep, caused by the

ing at his side when the accident occurred, escaped wholly uninjured.

The fireman of the locomotive, on seeing the impending catastrophe, jumped off the engine, and broke both of his legs.

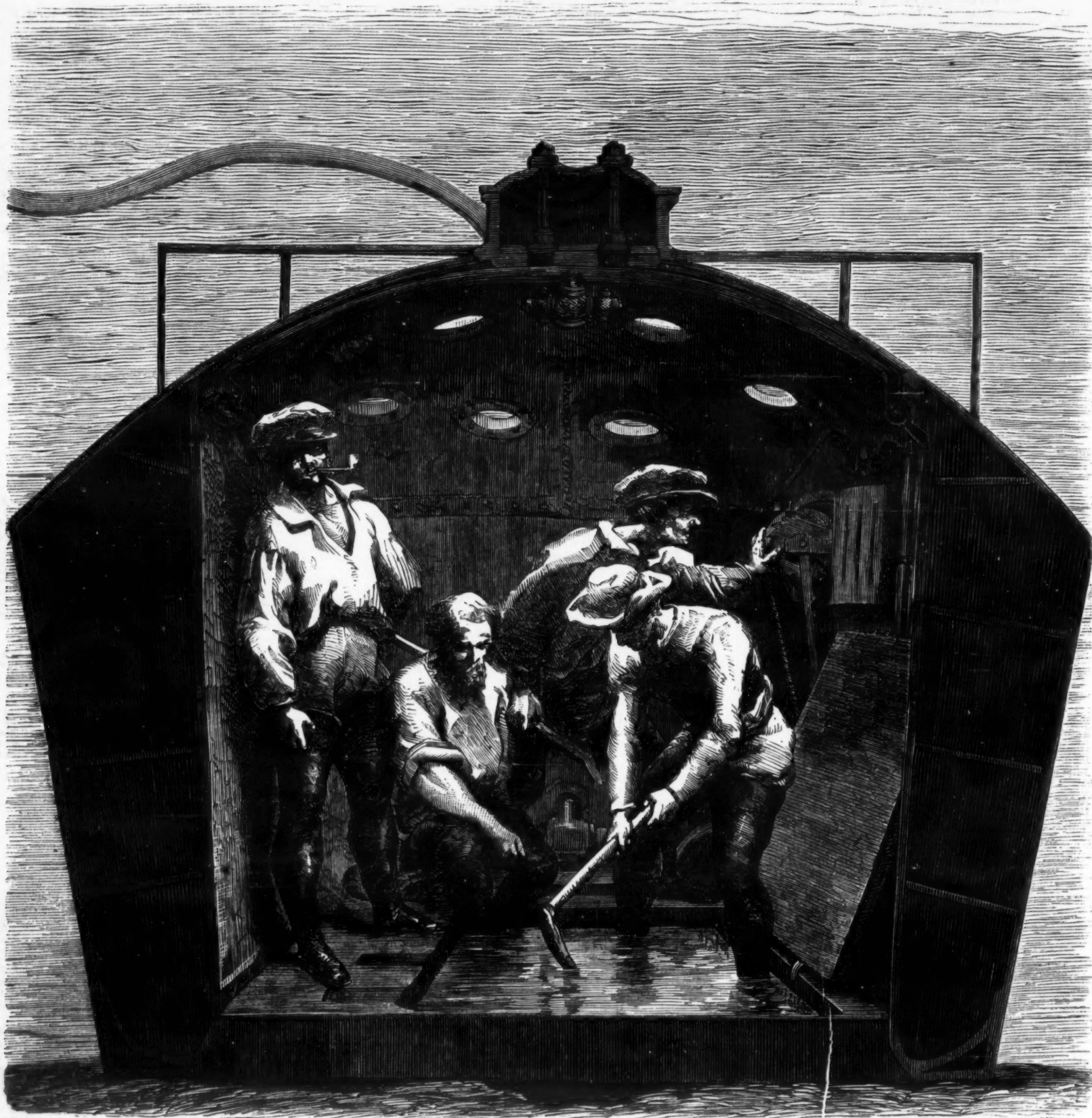
Immediately after the accident took place, and the confusion had slightly abated, the ladies were placed in the sleeping car, to shelter them from the pitiless storm which was still raging; but this part of the bank also appearing insecure, they were again removed, and conveyed as quickly as possible to a place of safety.

Every possible attention was paid to the wounded by those who escaped, and as soon as the fearful news became known numbers of persons arrived from Hamilton and Dundas to render their aid, and by their assistance the wounded were conveyed to Hamilton and Capetown, where proper medical advice could be procured for them.

Those killed, as far as ascertained, are as follows:

Jones Boyer, of Chicago, Ill.; Alexander Braid, of Hamilton, C. W.; G. Morgan, engineman; W. Milne, brakeman. Two names not reported.

The following are reported wounded, some of them seriously:



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW DIVING-BELL MEN AT WORK.

To cause it to rise to the surface again, there is a provision made to pump out the water contained between the shells. The whole invention is very simple, and the inventor expects that it will be found of great service in obtaining sunken treasure or in operating upon vessels under water.

DEADLY ATTACK OF A WOLF ON A MAN, AND HEROIC CONDUCT OF THE MAN'S WIFE.

There is a common belief that only wild beasts of the largest and savagest kind will voluntarily attack man, except when they are in large droves. There has, however, lately been an instance in which a wolf attacked a farmer who was chopping wood near Lexington, Sanilac county, and with such ferocity, that, despite his utmost exertions, he was overmastered by the furious animal. It appears that early one morning lately the unfortunate settler was engaged in lopping some branches at a short distance from his cottage, when a wolf started from a thicket, and before the farmer could defend himself, grasped his throat with such deadly power that he dropped his axe. His cries brought his wife to the door of the cottage; seeing the danger of her husband, the noble woman, with all that scorn of danger which distinguishes her sex when those she loves are in danger, ran to the spot, and seizing the axe

washing away of the line by the late storms. The accident happened at about three o'clock, and, as it was perfectly dark, and a terrific storm was raging at the time, there was great difficulty both in extricating the dead, and in relieving the sufferings of the wounded.

The train consisted of the locomotive and tender, one mail or baggage car, and three passenger cars. The baggage car fell above and on the locomotive, the first passenger car ran aslant upon this, the second passenger car slid under and upturned the edge of the first, and the third, running into this, had its corner carried away.

The part of the road where the accident happened is called Creamer's trestle work, and is filled in with a kind of sandy clay peculiar to the neighborhood, and which easily yields to the influence of water, which, combined with the absence of proper culverts to carry off the water, caused this frightful accident.

Had it not been for two or three timbers of the trestle work which partially held up the cars, and prevented their rolling down the embankment, a much more serious loss of life would have occurred, as there were not less than a hundred and fifty passengers in the cars at the time, and few, if any, could have escaped.

The only person killed in the sleeping car, which was placed last, was Alexander Braid, Esq. late Locomotive Superintendent of the line. Strange to say, Mr. Braid's late foreman, Mr. Wilson, who was stand-

Henry Post, of Buffalo, N. Y.; W. W. Smith, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; F. D. Adams, wife and children; E. D. Bryant, of Pontiac, Mich.; Thomas Sackett, of Livingston county, N. Y.; J. H. Smith, of Livingston county, N. Y.; Adam Wilson, of Hamilton, C. W.; Hiram Cook, of Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus Deasser, of Detroit, Mich.

There were others injured whose names are not reported.

Several breaks are reported on the road, as also on the Toronto line.

Divorce Epidemic in Pittsburg.—The Pittsburg Gazette says: "Judge McClure took occasion, the other day, to refer to the increasing number of applications for divorce that come before him. He says there is hardly a Saturday, at least, when he does not carry home a pocket full of depositions in cases which are absolutely too outrageous and disgusting to be called up before the Court. The detail of all these scandalous matters the Judge is obliged to wade through with, and oftentimes proof is so overwhelming that the Court is forced by a sense of duty to grant a decree of divorce. The very worst of it is, too, that either one or the other or both of the parties enter again into a new marriage contract, within a week after they are off with the old, and one which, in nine out of ten cases, will result as the former one did. Thus two prospective divorcees are begotten of the former one. This is outrageous. One gentleman of the bar stated that, in a case that came under his own notice, the woman who had procured the decree on Saturday, was married again on the very next day. This has become an evil so crying that Judge McClure gave out his intention to refuse the decree in any and every case where there was a technical or other possible and legal excuse."



DEADLY ATTACK OF A WOLF UPON A MAN, AND HEROIC CONDUCT OF THE MAN'S WIFE—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

NOTICE.—As Mr. Phelan has left this city for the scene of his contest (Detroit), all answers to communications intended for this column will be postponed until his return, about the middle of April. The diagrams of shots and the lessons will appear as usual.

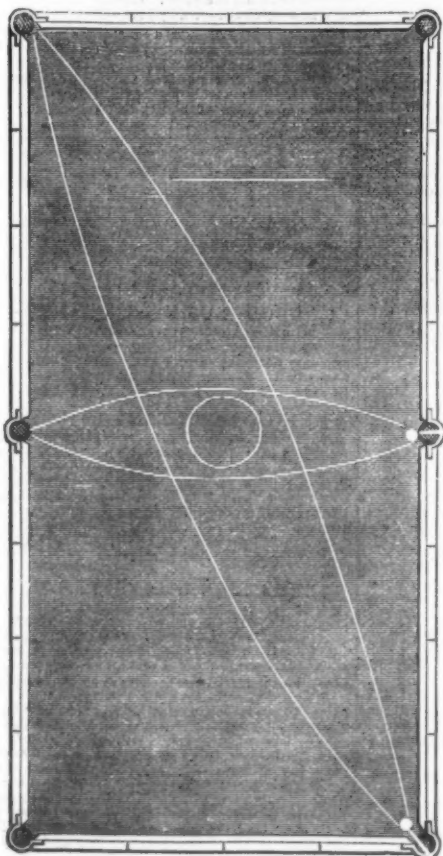
OUR BILLIARD LESSON—TWIST PRACTICE.

The accompanying diagram gives some very excellent shots for perfecting the pupil in the performance of the twist, and enabling him to graduate his aim with nicety in playing long shots. In all such shots the cue ball will invariably form a curve of greater or less divergence, in proportion to the power with which it is impelled and the amount of twist communicated.

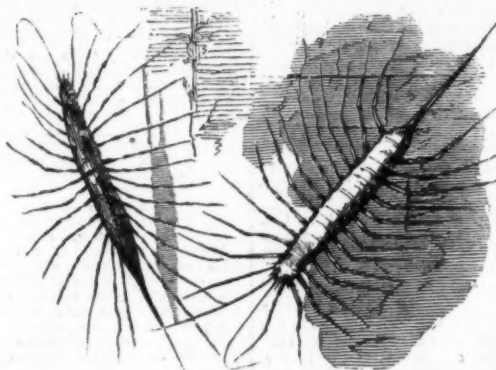
The circle in the centre represents a hat, a plate, or any similar object placed there as an obstacle, which the player's art is required to overcome.

The propositions—to play the ball from either the side or the corner pocket around the hat, and hole it in the corresponding pocket opposite—are identical in principle, though requiring a different elevation of the cue and different varieties of power.

To effect the stroke from corner to corner, the cue must be elevated at an angle of at least 15 degrees. To make the ball curve round the hat, passing outside it to the right, from corner to corner, striking it about the centre $\frac{1}{2}$ L. with Q.P.



OUR BILLIARD LESSON—TWIST PRACTICE.



THE PROLIFIC INFECTS WHICH MR. SICKLES BANISHED FROM HIS CELL.

2 to 3, the cue elevated at the angle intimated above. Pay particular attention to the necessity for a quick, impulsive, lasso-throwing movement.

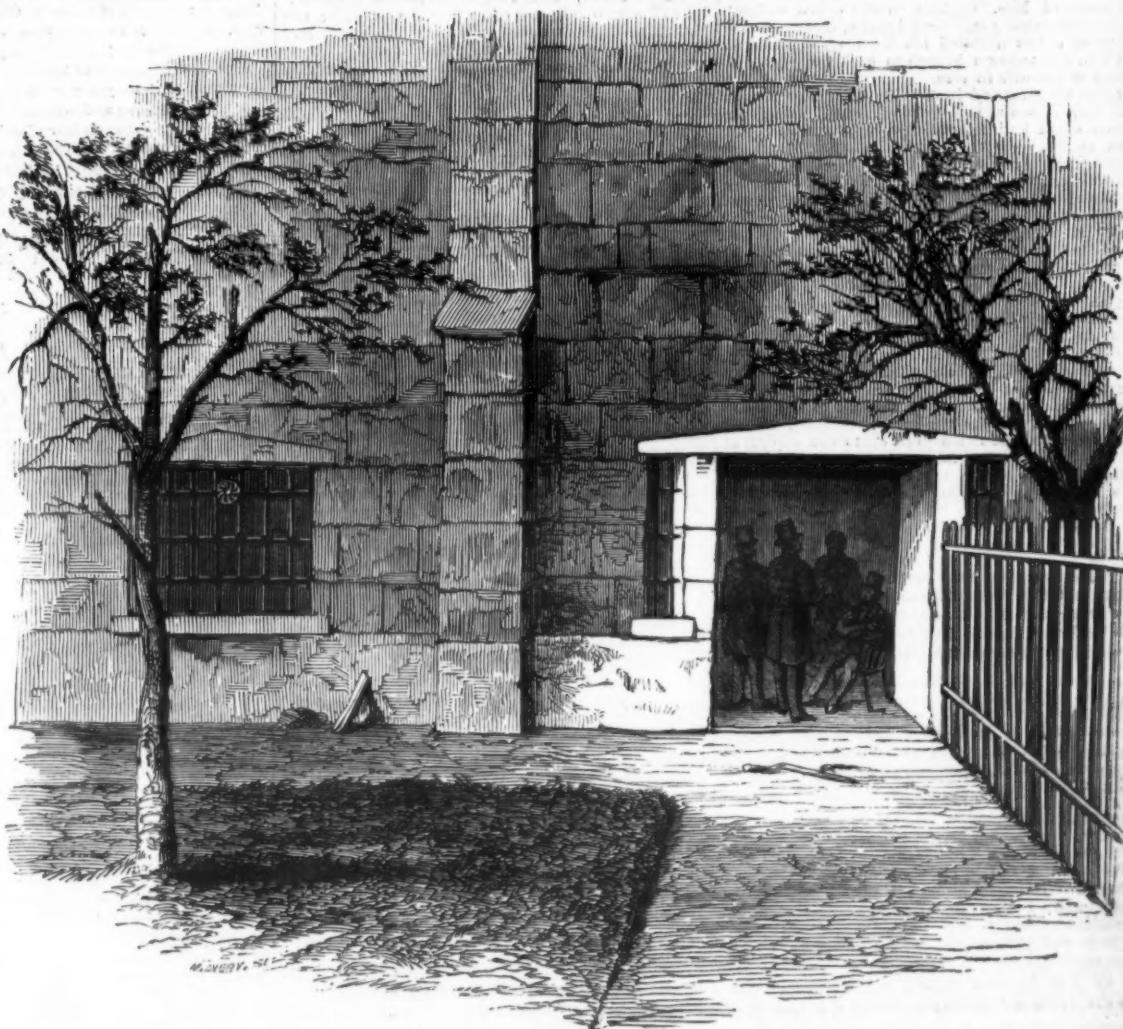
To make the ball curve round the object to the left, strike with the same elevation and power, but change the $\frac{1}{2}$ L. to $\frac{1}{2}$ R.

To effect the stroke from the side pocket an elevation of five degrees more will be required. The Q.P. may be reduced to $2\frac{1}{4}$, or even a little less; but in proportion as the strength and elevation are diminished, it becomes necessary to increase that peculiar lasso motion to which we have before made reference.

In playing these and all other twisting shots, due allowance must be made for the curve, before the player aims, or his ball will inevitably go wide of its mark, either to right or left. If the length of the shot is such that the curve will amount to a foot, then the player must aim a foot to the right or left of the point at which he really desires his ball to touch.

THE PHILAN AND SEERETTER MATCH.—Nothing new about the match has transpired to date; any item of interest concerning it occurring previous to the playing, will of course be published.

An Inhuman Father.—A little girl, eight years old, daughter of a man named Brown, living in Allamakee county, Iowa, left her home on the 11th inst., to go a short distance, without bonnet, shoes and stockings, and perished with cold on the way. Her body was not found until four days afterwards. Her mother was absent from home when she left. Her father is blamed with neglect, if nothing worse.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CELL IN WHICH HON. DANIEL B. SICKLES IS CONFINED, AT WASHINGTON.—SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

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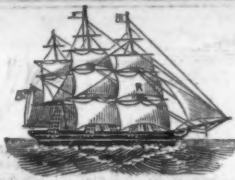
LADIES' CLOTH BERNOUS.
LADIES' CLOTH BERNOUS.
LADIES' CLOTH BERNOUS.
LADIES' CLOTH BERNOUS.

FOR PRESENT SPRING WEAR.
FOR PRESENT SPRING WEAR.
FOR PRESENT SPRING WEAR.
FOR PRESENT SPRING WEAR.

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TO THE LITERARY AND PUBLISHING WORLD.—In retiring from my old School Book publishing firm, and establishing a new business at
 No. 29 PARK ROW,

I desire to be understood by the public. One reason for this change is, that my friends and customers who purchased their bills in good faith for their home markets have been impoverished by the antagonistic system of rivalry in the publication and introduction of School Books. Agents were to be found in almost every city, town and village on this continent, forcing into notoriety the works of their different publishers, all of which were represented as the

MODEL SCHOOL BOOKS.

I am heartily tired of all this humbug and nonsense, and I cannot be true to myself and be associated with it any longer. It is too much of a patent medicine business for educational publishers. I leave it to devote myself to the publication of Literature and Books which belong to this new electric age, and I look for a trade mark significant of my business. The anchor and dolphin intertwined constitute Pickering's mark in London. I wanted a distinctive trade mark, indicating strength and life, and I incorporate the Ship, the American Merchantman or Clipper, all of whose hieroglyphical emblems may be seen at

No. 29 PARK ROW.

I want them for their teachings, for business and to make men think. Our great American Publishers are issuing Educational Books, and all the emanations of the genius of former times. This is the highest order of Trade and Commerce. We are Booksellers; then give us the higher order of hieroglyphics to incorporate as a Trade mark. I find it only in the Ship, and I use it in my title page as a beacon for the reader as reliable as the North Star. When I put the Ship on the title page it means integrity to the reader, as the North Star meant integrity and safety to the mariner when it was hung in the heavens. The book shall not teach your children infidelity or licentiousness, or your servants to cut your throats, while sleeping.

As my design in the firing of 30 guns in the Park Wednesday, in front of

No. 29 PARK ROW,

was not fully understood, I will briefly explain it myself. One gun was fired for each State in the Union in the order they gave their adhesion to the Federal Constitution:

ONE GUN FOR DELAWARE.
 " " **PENNSYLVANIA.**
 " " **NEW JERSEY.**
 " " **GEORGIA.**
 " " **CONNECTICUT.**
 " " **MASSACHUSETTS.**
 " " **MARYLAND.**
 " " **SOUTH CAROLINA.**
 " " **NEW HAMPSHIRE.**
 " " **VIRGINIA.**
 " " **NEW YORK.**
 " " **NORTH CAROLINA.**
 " " **RHODE ISLAND.**
 " " **MAINE.**
 " " **VERMONT.**
 " " **FLORIDA.**
 " " **ALABAMA.**
 " " **MISSISSIPPI.**
 " " **LOUISIANA.**
 " " **TENNESSEE.**
 " " **KENTUCKY.**
 " " **OHIO.**
 " " **INDIANA.**
 " " **ILLINOIS.**
 " " **MICHIGAN.**
 " " **MISSOURI.**
 " " **ARKANSAS.**
 " " **TEXAS.**
 " " **IOWA.**
 " " **WISCONSIN.**
 " " **CALIFORNIA.**
 " " **MINNESOTA.**
 " " **OREGON.**
 " " **THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.**
 " " **THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.**
 " " **THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.**
 " " **CUBA.**
 " " **FOR THE WORLD,—WHEREVER THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS SPOKEN.**
AND ONE LOUD GUN FOR WORCESTER'S ROYAL QUARTO DICTIONARY.
"ALL'S WELL!"
S. A. ROLLO,
No. 29 PARK ROW.

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FROM WALL STREET TO CASHMERE,
 A Journal of Five Years in Asia, Africa and Europe, comprising visits during 1851, '2, '3, '4, '5 and '6, to the DANEMORA IRON MINES, PLAINS OF TROY, the "SEVEN CHURCHES," PALMYRA, JERUSALEM, PETRA, SERINGAPATAM, SURAT, with the scenes of the recent Mutinies (Benares, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, &c., &c.), Cashmere, Peshawar, the Khyber-Pass to Afghanistan, Java, China and Mauritius, BY JOHN B. IRELAND.

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TO MILLINERS AND DRESSMAKERS.—
SPRING STYLES OF 1889.
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BETWEEN Phelan's Billiard Tables and Patent Combination Cushions and those of the miserable imitators who make up "slop work" to sell at a low price, without regard to durability or to the scientific requirements of the game of billiards, there can be no competition, because there is no comparison between them.

We have manufactured, within the period of three years, more than

ONE THOUSAND TABLES,
 under Phelan's patents. These Tables are in use in every State in the Union, in Canada, South America, Cuba, and other parts of the world, and in every instance have given full satisfaction to the purchasers. They have been supplied to the following Clubs, in most cases taking the place of the pieces of furniture formerly used to play billiards on:

New York Club.....	New York City
Union Club.....	New York City
Manhattan Club.....	New York City
German Club.....	New York City
Gymnasium Club.....	New York City
Electric Club.....	New York City
City Club.....	New York City
Waverley Club.....	New York City
Union Association.....	New York City
Brooklyn Club.....	Brooklyn, L. I.
Somerset Club.....	Boston, Mass.
Temple Club.....	Boston, Mass.
Summer St. Club.....	Boston, Mass.
Union Club.....	Philadelphia
Philadelphia Club.....	Philadelphia
Baltimore Club.....	Baltimore, Md.
Germania Club.....	Baltimore, Md.
Maryland Club.....	Baltimore, Md.
Richmond Club.....	Richmond, Va.
Charleston Club.....	Charleston, S. C.
Newport Club.....	Newport
Natchez Club.....	Natchez, Miss.
Pelican Club.....	New Orleans, La.
Boston Club.....	New Orleans, La.
Savannah Club.....	Savannah, Ga.
Wilkesbarre Club.....	Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Officers U. S. A. Club.....	West Point, N. Y.
Officers U. S. A. Club.....	Fort Simcoe, W. T.
Officers U. S. A. Club.....	Old Point Comfort, Va.
U. S. Army Club.....	Governor's Island, U. S. Army Club
U. S. Army Club.....	Fort Hamilton
Officers U. S. A. Club.....	Fort Leavenworth, K. T.
Pacific Club.....	San Francisco
Union Club.....	St. Paul, M. T.
Beaufort Club.....	South Carolina
St. Louis Club.....	St. Louis, Mo.
Union Club.....	Worcester, Mass.
Brighton Club.....	Brighton, Mass.
Columbia Club.....	Columbia, S. C.

These clubs number amongst their members some of the best amateur players in the world. Every part of the country has pronounced in favor of the new tables, and we append a list of well-known places, where parties about purchasing tables are confidently referred to for information as to the excellence of these tables, not alone for correctness, but for the superior manner in which every mechanical detail appertaining to the table is executed:

New York Hotel.....	New York City
Everett House.....	New York City
Bevoort House.....	New York City
St. Germain Hotel.....	New York City
Hone House.....	New York City
Compton House.....	New York City
National House.....	New York City
Murray Hill Hotel.....	New York City
Revere House.....	Boston, Mass.
Tremont House.....	Boston, Mass.
Eutaw House.....	Baltimore, Md.
American Hotel.....	Richmond, Va.
St. Charles Hotel.....	Richmond, Va.
Ocean House.....	Portsmouth, Va.
Brown's Hotel.....	Macon, Ga.
Lanier House.....	Macon, Ga.
Anglo-American Hotel.....	Hamilton, C. W.
Clyton House.....	Niagara Falls, C. W.
Pavilion Hotel.....	Charleston, S. C.
Pavilion Hotel.....	Sharon Springs, N. Y.
Equinox House.....	Manchester, N. H.
Congress Hall.....	Albany, N. Y.
Wedell House.....	Cleveland, Ohio
Eagle Hotel.....	Kingston, N. Y.
Keefe's Rooms.....	Broadway, New York City
Lafayette Hall.....	Broadway, New York City
Wallace & Reeves.....	Broadway, New York City
Bigelow's Rooms.....	324 St., New York City
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